

Improvement Era

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Taps

When the day's heavy drilling is over,
When its wearisome toiling is done,
Comes a peace in the deepening shadows
That have followed the light of the sun—
Comes a time to commune with the loved ones
In the dear distant home-land, perhaps;
'Tis no matter how far, there's a dream-gate ajar,
With bright visions of rest—after taps.

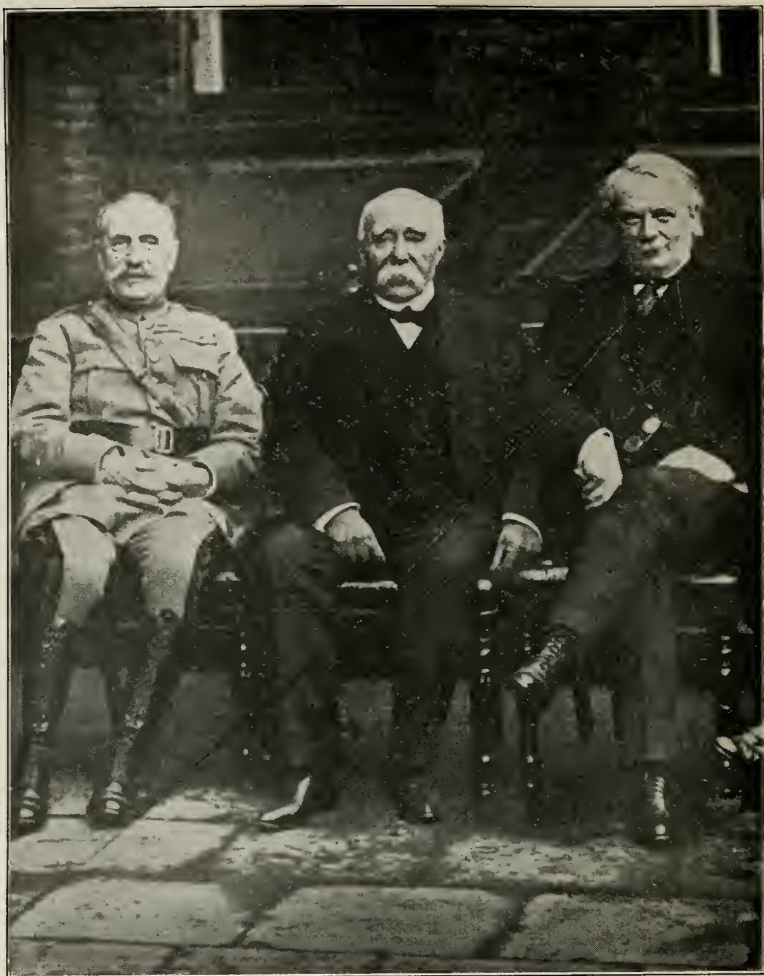
While our Laddie, our Soldier was serving,
With his heart upon victory set,
With his face toward the foe, hoping, praying to go
Where the hell-hounds of hate could be met;
Came a herald from heaven's Grand Council,
With the summons that never may lapse;
And the gateway of Paradise opened,
And the angels within sounded taps.

So methinks that our Soldier, our Laddie,
Was not meant for the maddening fray,
He so dreaded the fight, though he knew it was right,
When he eagerly hurried away;
With our Nation's brave millions he hurried,
That our freedom be kept on the maps—
Duty called, and our brave Laddie answered,
Unheeding, unmindful, of taps.

When we think of our Soldier, our Laddie,
The feeling that thrills through the heart
Is that bravely we'll carry our burdens,
That we must perform nobly our part.
For the great Resurrection just dawning
Will leave in love's circle no gaps;
And the joys of Eternity wait us
In the peace and the rest after taps.

Provo, Utah

Annie D. Palmer.



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THREE GREAT MEN

This photo was taken in No. 10 Downing St., London, December 7, at the home of Premier Lloyd George, where a number of Allied heads were gathered at a preliminary peace conference, to discuss the terms of the Allies to be proposed at the peace conference at Versailles. Left to right: Marshal Foch, Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies; Premier Georges Clemenceau, of France; Premier Lloyd George, of Great Britain.

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Homes of the Three Orsons

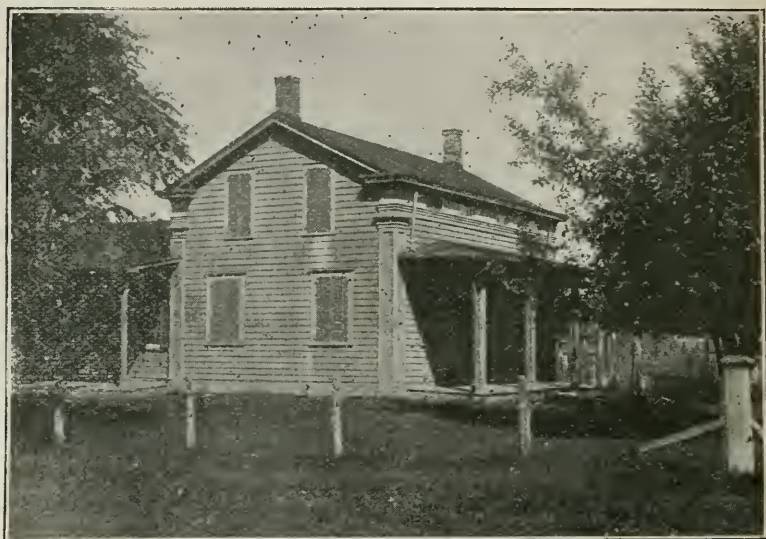
By Junius F. Wells

The most severe criticism of my paper in the November *Era* was that it contained too much fairy story, and not enough of the Orsons. My apology must be that the fairy story was complete, fulfilling its purpose in accounting for the name, and ending there. While the only intention was to excite an interest, or the beginning of interest, in the lives and ministry of those eminent disciples, which should lead to further demand for their sayings and writings. Would that this demand might increase, and sometime compel a compilation of their inspired utterances, convenient and accessible to the present generation of our people! I have no doubt that time will come.

Several years ago while visiting Nauvoo, I procured photographs of the homes of many of our leaders, and have since published some of them in the local magazines. It is a pleasure to find among them the views accompanying this article, to which have been added pictures of the houses in which Elders Hyde and Pratt died. The Nauvoo home of Elder Hyde was destroyed, and the picture shown is a later modern frame house erected on the site of the old one. His home in Salt Lake City, was located on North Temple street, opposite the north gate of Temple block—a large two story adobe house that has given way to the Miller apartments. The other picture that we show is of his house at Spring City, Sanpete county, in which he died.

Elder Pratt's homes in Salt Lake City were small stone and adobe cottages. One that I well remember, with its portico and stone steps and outside green window shutters, stood on West Temple street, facing west, in the middle of the block between South Temple and First South streets. The picture we have procured is of the house in which he died. It is located on Third North street, facing south, the second house from the corner at Third West street.

Elder Orson Spencer's homes in Salt Lake City occupied the southwest lot at the corner of Third South and Main streets. There are no existing pictures of the houses. I am told by his daughter, Aunt Katie Young, that the original home was a one-room adobe shelter facing on Main street, for his family of motherless children. This they occupied until his arrival from England in 1849, when he built as an addition a two-story adobe house facing south on the site at the corner of Main and Third South. He died in St. Louis, while editing the



Orson Hyde's Homestead, Nauvoo, Illinois

St. Louis Luminary, under direction of Elder Erastus Snow, president of the mission there.

I have selected to go with these pictures from the writings and discourses of the Three Orsons some remarkable testimonies and utterances, which appear to have a timely interest, in view of the present state of the world, convulsed in war, famine and pestilence; the coming of which these servants of the Lord spoke and wrote with exceeding boldness and prophetic foresight.

As this number of the *Era* will be issued soon after the hundred and thirteenth anniversary of the Prophet's birth, it is perhaps fitting to quote first from the writings of Elder Orson Spencer, his estimate of the personal character and quality of the Prophet.

It is not frequent that such descriptions are brought before

the present generation, from the pens and lips of men qualified by personal association and great literary ability to describe him; and that were written of him during his lifetime. This is among the most eloquent, dignified and loyal utterances of its kind in existence. It was written in 1842, and is worthy of the consideration of all men in forming opinions concerning the style and ability of Joseph Smith as a man, and inspired servant of God:

"You wish to know, 'What is the personal character and influence, doctrines and claims of him who is called the leader, Joseph Smith?'"

Joseph Smith, when the great designs of heaven were first made known to him, was not far from the age of seventeen; from that time to this he has had much said about him, both of a favorable and unfavorable nature. I shall only speak of his character as I believe it to be from an intimate acquaintance of more than one year and from an intimate acquaintance with those who have been with him many years. No man is more narrowly watched by friends and enemies than Mr. Joseph Smith; consequently, if he were as good a man as any prophet that has preceded him, he would have as violent enemies as others have had. But I hasten to give my own opinion.

"I firmly avow, in the presence of God, that I believe Mr. Joseph Smith to be an upright man, that seeks the glory of God in such a manner as is well pleasing to the Most High God. Naturally, he is kind and obliging; pitiful and courteous; as far from dissimulation as any man; frank and loquacious to all men, friends or foes. He seems to employ no studied effort to guard himself against misrepresentation, but often leaves himself exposed to misconstructions by those who watch for faults. He is remarkably cheerful for one who has seen well-trying friends martyred around him, and felt the inflictions of calumny—the vexations of lawsuits—the treachery of intimates—and multiplied violent attempts upon his person and life, together with the cares of much business. His influence, after which you inquire, is very great. His friends are as ardently attached to him as his enemies are violently opposed. Free toleration is given to all opposing religions, but wherever he is accredited as a Prophet of the living God, there you will perceive his influence must be great. That lurking fear and suspicion that he may become a dictator or despot, gradually gives place to confidence and fondness, as believers become acquainted with him.

"In doctrine, Mr. Smith is eminently scriptural. I have never known him to deny or deprecate a single truth of the Old and New Testaments, but I have always known him to explain and defend them in a masterly manner. Being anointed of God, for the purpose of teaching and perfecting the church, it is needful that he should know how to set in order the things that are wanting, and to bring forth things new and old, as a scribe well instructed. This office and apostleship he appears to magnify; at his touch the ancient prophets spring into life, and the beauty and power of their revelations are made to commend themselves with thrilling interest to all that hear.

"You inquire, 'Does he claim to be inspired?' Certainly he does claim to be inspired. He often speaks in the name of the Lord, which would be rank hypocrisy and mockery, if he were not inspired to do it. It seems very difficult for those who stand at the distance of many generations from the true prophets, to realize what prophets are, and what ought to be expected from them. I do not chide them for their ignorance and folly, however, because I had nothing to boast of, previous to embracing the faith of the Latter-day Saints. I understand that prophets may

Speak as they are moved by the Holy Ghost at one time, while they may be very far from being moved by the Holy Ghost as they speak at another. They may be endowed with power to perform miracles and mighty deeds at one time, while they have no authority, and there is no suitableness in doing the same at another time.

"You ask, 'Is he a man of prayer, of a pure life, of peace? Does he appear at the head of his troops as a military commander?' These questions I answer, according to the best knowledge I have, in the affirmative. As a people we perform military duty, as the laws of the State of Illinois enjoin and require. The legion answers the purpose to keep the lawless and mobocratic at a respectful distance; and the more 'earthquake and storm' our enemies raise about the Nauvoo Legion, and a military chieftain like the ancient Mahomet, the greater fear and dread of us will be conveyed to the minds of the lawless, who watch for prey, and spoil, and booty. I can assure you, that neither Mr. Smith, nor any other intelligent



House in which Orson Hyde died, Spring City, Sanpete Co., Utah

Latter-day Saint, ever intends to make one convert by the sword; neither are we such tee-total peace makers, that any savage banditti of lawless depredators could waste our property, violate virtue, and shed innocent blood, without experiencing from us a firm defense of law, of right, and innocence. We are to this day very sensitive to a repetition of past wrongs that we still smart under. The Lord our God, who was once called (by a man after his own heart) 'a man of war,' we trust will be our defense and strong tower in the day of battle, if our country should ever call us to scenes of carnage and blood."

When Orson Hyde was sent upon his mission, in 1840, to dedicate the land of Palestine for the return of the Jews, he received a letter of appointment from the General Conference of the Church, dated Nauvoo, April 6, 1840, signed by Joseph Smith, Jr., that contained the following, which must certainly have been written by the spirit of prophecy:

"Considering an important event at hand, an event involving the in-

terest and fate of the gentile nations throughout the world—from the signs of the times and from declarations contained in the oracles of God, we are forced to come to this conclusion: The Jewish nations have been scattered abroad among the gentiles for a long period; and in our estimation the time of the commencement of their return to the Holy Land has already arrived. As this scattered and persecuted people are set among the gentiles, as a sign unto them of the second coming of the Messiah and also of the overthrow of the present kingdoms and governments of the earth, by the potency of his almighty arm, in scattering famine and pestilence like the frosts and snows of winter and sending the sword with nation against nation to bathe it in each other's blood; it is highly important in our opinion that the present views and movements of the Jewish people be sought after and laid before the American people for their consideration, their profit and their learning."

In the November *Era* a mention is made of Elder Hyde's going upon this mission and a quotation is given from his prayer offered up on the Mount of Olives, October 24, 1841. After beginning his homeward journey and arriving at Trieste, at the head of the Adriatic sea, he commenced to write a report of his mission. It was dated January 1, and completed January 18, 1842. This was addressed to Joseph Smith, Jr., Nauvoo, Illinois. The following extract from it will be read with amazing interest, in view of recent historical incidents that surely are destined to be connected with the literal fulfilment of Elder Hyde's prediction. He says:

"It was by political power and influence that the Jewish nation was broken down, and her subjects dispersed abroad. And I will here hazard the opinion that by political power and influence they will be gathered and built up; and further, that England is destined, in the wisdom and economy of heaven, to stretch forth the arm of political power, and advance in the front ranks of this glorious enterprise.

"In the front ranks of this glorious enterprise!" England declared war against Turkey, Nov. 5, 1914. General Allenby, in command of an army of English soldiers began his triumphant march to recover the Holy Land, driving the Turks before him and destroying their power of conquest and possession forever. He captured Gaza on November 7, 1917; Jerusalem, December 9, 1917; Nazareth, September 22, 1918, Damascus, October 1, 1918; and proceeded to Aleppo, October 26, thus sweeping all Palestine from Beersheba to Dan. This successful campaign was remarkable in many ways. It was led by an Englishman, who is reported to be a man of faith and prayer. The favor of the Lord was made manifest, in the comparative ease with which it was accomplished, and for the few casualties of the English. The Turks were completely defeated, and the surrender of the Turkish Empire followed almost immediately October 30, 1918.

As commemorative of this glorious achievement and the fulfilment of the ancient predictions concerning it, as well as

of the remarkable prophecy of Elder Hyde, the following lines by I. S. Richter in *Leslies* are timely:

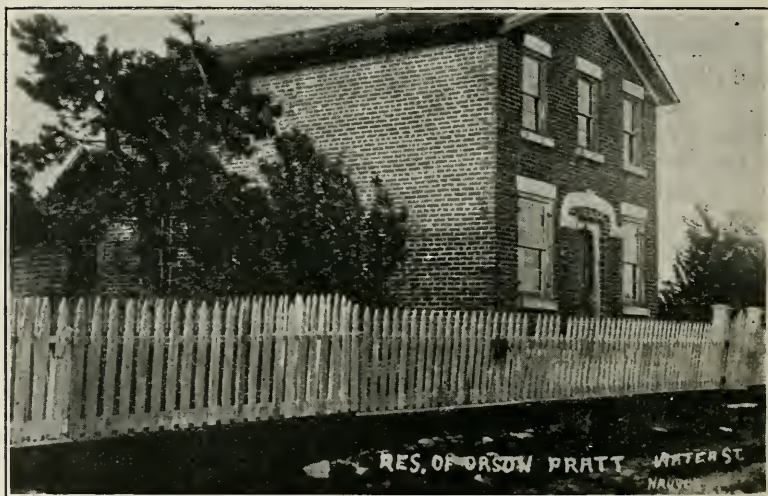
TO GENERAL EDMUND H. H. ALLENBY

Intrepid son of Albion the brave,
Thine was the mission, though of alien creed,
God's hallowed earth from heathen foes to save,
An exiled people back into its home to lead,
An outraged race from bondage to redeem
And render real its age-long sweetest dream.

Oppressed and trampled through their dreadful night,
Two thousand years they wandered o'er the earth,
Sustained by one fond hope, one radiant light,
Of the glorious day to which thou gavest birth.
Noble and gallant warrior, hail to thee!
Thou art immortal in Israel's history.

Polluted by a foul unholy hand,
For centuries the scene of bloody strife—
Freed from that yoke, now will the chosen land
Live as of yore a noble, godly life:
A guiding star as in the days of old,
A fount of wisdom and of bliss untold.

Elder Hyde's prophetic impulse appears to have searched out the Germans, as certainly as it foretold the "advance" in the front ranks" of these English. In a letter written by him to the *Missouri Republican*, from Great Salt Lake City, January 1, 1862, when the Civil War was at its height, the following striking prophecy occurs:



Home of Orson Pratt, Nauvoo, Illinois

"Some four years since (1858), in a discourse delivered in the tabernacle, in this city, I made the following statement, 'So sure as the storms of the mountains burst and hurl their fury upon the Twin Peaks of the Wasatch range, just so sure is the storm of Jehovah's wrath about to burst upon the nation and people of the United States.' This statement found its way into many of the Eastern journals and drew forth some ludicrous editorials as to what the Prophet Orson had said. Call me by whatever name they will, I intend to tell the truth, and Time, that faithful revealer of all things, will test the merits or demerits of my sayings. You have scarcely yet read the preface of your national troubles. Many nations will be drawn into the American maelstrom that now whirls through our land; and after many days, when the Demon of War shall have exhausted his strength and madness upon American soil, by the destruction of all that can court or provoke opposition, excite cupidity, inspire revenge or feed ambition, he will remove his headquarters to the banks of the Rhine."

I am indebted to Elder A. A. Ramseyer for the following comment:

"How remarkably the above prophecy was fulfilled. In 1865, the American War was ended; the next year, 1866, Prussia and Austria, after having attacked Denmark in 1864 and wrested off Schleswig-Holstein, Prussia turned on Austria to secure to herself the whole of the spoils. Then, in 1870, Bismarck lured the French into a declaration of war against Prussia, a challenge which all of the German states accepted with alacrity, leading to the Franco-Prussian war. Now, for more than forty years since the defeat of France, Germany was preparing for the mad world conquest with the disastrous results that we all now know."

I submit the following from a patriotic speech delivered by Orson Hyde, in Great Salt Lake City, July 4, 1853. Is it not prophetically pertinent to the present day, with the President of the United States in Europe upon a mission of liberty?

"The voice of God, through American policy, with loud and thrilling notes cries; Come unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved from the yokes of tyrants—from the chains and fetters of bigotry, superstition and priestcraft, and regale yourselves under the Tree of Liberty, whose branches are rapidly extending, and whose fruit is rich and desirable, and whose leaves are for the healing of the nations."

Elder Orson Pratt's discourses upon the fulfilment of ancient prophecy were so many and so profound that brief extracts from them do but meagre justice. I shall present but two, in conclusion of this paper. The first is from a sermon delivered in the tabernacle, March 26, 1871:

"When the Almighty, in the present century, sent forth an angel from heaven, and restored the gospel, and the authority and power to preach it, and administer its ordinances, and to organize this Church on the earth, and sent forth his servants to all nations, they were fulfilling the commands of the Most High given by the angel. We have been forty years, since the angel came, fulfilling that prediction. * * * How many more years will pass over our heads that we will have the privilege of declaring the fulness of the everlasting gospel among the nations of the Gentiles is not revealed. All that we know on the subject is what the

Lord told us some forty years ago, that the times of the Gentiles would be fulfilled in the generation in which He established His Church." * * *

"The Jews will then come in remembrance before the Lord. That is, the set time for their deliverance and restoration will have come; the period predicted by the mouth of the ancient prophet in which the Gospel shall be proclaimed to them." * * *

"Individuals are now sitting in this Tabernacle who will carry this message. The young men among us will go forth to the ends of the earth and declare to the scattered remnants of Israel, wherever found, the comforting words; 'The times of the Gentiles are fulfilled; that the day is come for the covenant which God made with the ancient fathers of Israel to be fulfilled.' And you will have the pleasure of gathering them up by thousands, tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands from the islands of



House in which Orson Pratt died

the sea and from all quarters of the earth; for that will be a day of power far more than it is while the gospel continues among the Gentiles. * * * Hear what the Lord says by the mouth of the psalmist David; "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power." "

Upon a previous occasion, he spoke concerning the time when this message should be sent to the scattered remnants of Israel. I perfectly remember hearing this discourse, and of

listening many times to his expositions of the prophets of the Bible and Book of Mormon, when the power and boldness of his prophecies, that the time was near for their fulfilment, thrilled me to the heart, and made impressions that I can never forget. The following is extracted from a sermon delivered in the old tabernacle, August 11, 1867:

"This is what the Lord has in store for his servants. You young men who sit here on these seats will live to see the times of the Gentiles fulfilled. You will live to see the time when the Lord will give you a direct command from on high to no more go into the cities of the Gentiles to preach to them; the law having been bound, the testimony sealed. And the mission which you will receive, young men, will be to go to the scattered remnants of the house of Israel, among all the nations and king-



Home of Orson Spencer, Nauvoo, Illinois

doms of the Gentiles. To search them out and proclaim to them the message restored by the angel, that it may be preached to Israel as well as to the Gentiles. That is your destiny; that, young men, is what the Lord will require at your hands."

The most interesting query by present-day readers of these ancient and modern prophecies is: How long shall the generation in which they are to begin and be fulfilled last? Elder Pratt, after forty years from its beginning, declared he did not know; but that young men then living should live to witness the end. The "signs of the times" multiply as the days and years pass, and that the notable, portentous event "is nigh, even at your doors" becomes increasingly evident.

Traveling Over Forgotten Trails

By Hon. *Anthony W. Ivins*

2—*Navajo Depredations in Southern Utah*

As stated in a previous article, it was but a short time after the acquisition of Arizona and New Mexico, in 1848, that war broke out between the United States and the Navajo Indians. In fact, United States troops marched against them, and invaded their country, before the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo was signed.

It was not until 1864, that the Indians were finally whipped into submission, and placed upon a reservation. In January of that year the celebrated scout, Kit Carson, who had been given a colonel's commission in the United States army, was placed in command of an expedition, with orders to invade the Navajo country, kill the men, make prisoners of the women and children, destroy the houses and fields, and capture the flocks and herds.

Colonel Carson marched to the Canyon de Chelly, a stronghold which was thought by the Indians to be impregnable. The Canyon de Chelly is a deep and wide chasm in the table land, which forms the northern part of the present Navajo Reservation. It is about thirty miles in length, from east to west, and can only be entered at a few points, and there only by narrow, winding trails. In places the canyon widens out into miniature valleys, with springs of water, and tracts of arable land, where the Indians cultivate small farms, productive orchards, and graze their flocks and herds. It was to this rallying point that the Indians fled when their country was invaded.

At the extreme eastern end of the canyon there is a trail which leads to the bottom, about 1,500 feet below the surface of the surrounding country, but this trail is not passable, except for men on foot. A few miles west, however, there is a place where the bottom may be reached with animals, provided care is exercised in making the descent.

Colonel Carson divided his forces into two divisions, sending Captain Pfeiffer to enter the canyon at the east end, while he, with the larger detachment, entered from the west, at a point near where the Chelly Creek empties into the San Juan River. These forces marched through the canyon from opposite directions, until they met, killing a large number of Indians, taking many captives, destroying houses, and capturing a large number of sheep, goats and horses. According to the report rendered, 3,000 peach trees were cut down on this expedition.

Their strongholds invaded, property destroyed, and many of their people either slain, or made prisoners, the Navajos finally surrendered, and, in 1864, were removed from their country, to a point in New Mexico called Bosque Redondo, (Round Forest) where they were placed on a reservation, under control of the War and Indian Departments. The site selected for a reservation, at Bosque Redondo, was not well chosen. There was little pasturage for live stock, the soil was not productive, and a number of Apaches, with whom the Navajos were not at peace, had already been collected there, the result being that the Indians were reduced to a condition bordering on starvation. In 1868, after three years of crop failure, it was decided to return them to their own country, and establish a reservation there.



A Typical Navajo Indian

His dress is of velvet, made by him, or his wife. The buttons, beads, belt-buckle and bow-guard are of silver, and made by a Navajo. He is a real man, the type whom James Andrus and his militiamen met in their battles. A worthy foeman, on any field.

About 3,700 Indians were returned, taking with them the remnant of their property, which consisted of 550 horses, 20 mules, 940 sheep and 1,025 goats. Ten years later, the tribe numbered 11,000 souls, and possessed 20,000 horses, 1,500 cattle, 500,000 sheep, and cultivated 9,192 acres of land. In 1888, they had increased to 17,000 souls, and were the owners of 35,000 horses, one million head of sheep, and were cultivating 15,000 acres of land. They probably number today between thirty and forty thousand persons, and their wealth has increased until they are an independent and wealthy people.

While the great majority of the Navajos surrendered to the United States forces, and went to the reservation, at Bosque Redondo, a considerable number of the more independent and adventurous families retired to the country near the San Francisco Mountains, and the Painted Desert, beyond the reach of the soldiers, where they became a scourge to the early emigrants who went into Arizona, and through to California, over the Whipple trail, which bore west from Albuquerque.

que, in New Mexico, to the Zuni Villages, thence down the Colorado Chiquito (Little Colorado), and on South of the San Francisco Peaks, to California. In time these roving bands crossed the Rio Colorado, (Red River) and committed depredations against the exposed settlers in Southern Utah.

As recounted in the *Era* of February, 1916, the first act of hostility committed by the Navajos against the settlers of the Dixie country, was the killing of James M. Whitmore and Robert McIntire, at Pipe Springs, in January, 1866. The raids were always executed during the winter months, and usually when the moon was full. At this season, the Colorado River was at its lowest water mark, and could be forded at certain points, and the full moon enabled the Indians to operate during the night. The purpose of the raids appeared to be plunder, and the Indians avoided taking life, but did not hesitate to kill, where the success of their marauding expeditions were at stake.

For the protection of life and property, a militia organization was effected, and a very efficient force thus created, a force which rendered splendid service, as will be shown.

Among the officers of the organized forces referred to, who were most successful in repelling attack, and punishing the perpetrators, were Major Augustus P. Hardy, Col. John D. L. Peirce, Capt. Willis Copeland, and Capt. James Andrus. The service



James Andrus
Frontiersman, Scout, Indian Fighter, Statesman, and Financier

rendered to the State of Utah, then a territory, by these men, was never appreciated, nor did they ever receive compensation for it.

Major Hardy was of Puritan descent, a cavalier in mien and manner, kind and chivalrous, a thorough soldier and gentleman.

Colonel Pierce was a Virginian by birth, with a long line of soldier ancestors behind him, a born soldier, who loved his occupation.

Captain Copeland was a Texan, served in the war of independence waged by the Lone Star State against Mexico, was with Crocket, and was among the number who, on one occasion, drew beans to determine who should be executed by the Mexicans, and was fortunate enough to draw a white one. A born leader of men he was one of the bravest, and at the same time wisest, officers who participated in our Indian wars.

Captain James Andrus was the son of Milo Andrus and Abigail Jane Dailey, and was born at Florence, Ohio, June 14, 1835. In 1846, he started west with his parents, remained at Winter Quarters during the winter of 1847, and in 1848, his father having gone as a missionary to Europe, James, then only 13 years of age, went on to Utah with his mother and family, driving a team of two yoke of oxen, and a yoke of cows, the entire distance from the Missouri river to the Salt Lake Valley.

Soon after his arrival in Utah he went to northern Montana with Van Netten, where he engaged in trade with the Nez Perce, Flat Head, Black Foot and Shoshone Indians. During the time occupied in these trading expeditions, he became familiar with Indian character, and to an extent with their languages, which fitted him for the work he was to do, in the stirring events which occurred in Southern Utah, where he went with the Dixie Pioneers.

He was made a captain of militia, and no other name was so well known, and universally feared, and in some instances thoroughly hated, by the Indians, as that of Jim An-du-ru, as he was called by them. He was present and participated in the activities at Pipe Springs, at the time of the killing of Whitmore and McIntire, and commanded a detachment of militia which followed the Indians to the Ute Crossing on the Colorado. On this expedition a fight occurred on the Kaibab Mountain, to which reference will be made later. With a small detachment of men he later overtook and fought the Navajos, at Bull Rush, near Pipe Springs, inflicting the most disastrous defeat the Indians ever suffered, and led many other expeditions against them.

While performing splendid service for the state, James Andrus was equally loyal in his obligation to the Church, and was

a missionary of peace to the red men, as he was an enemy in war. In 1857, he went as a missionary to Europe, pulling a hand cart from the Salt Lake Valley to the Missouri river. He crossed the great plains seven times, made three round trips over the old trail, from Utah to California, went as a missionary to the Ute Indians in the Uinta Basin, in 1859, and was a missionary to the Oribas, with Jacob Hamblin.



Some of the old campaigners, who fought the Navajos, and always conquered. They illustrate the type of men whom the Navajos met in their raids upon the settlements, and are: mounted, James Andrus; seated, from left to right, E. M. Brown, Andrew Sorenson, James B. Bracken.

He was a successful raucher, merchant, banker and statesman, having served as representative in the State legislature, and was for many years bishop of the combined four wards of St. George; one of those rare temperaments in which the qualities of the soldier, statesman, financier and churchman are so harmoniously blended, that not any one dominates to the exclusion of the others.

He died at St. George, December 8, 1914, the last of Utah's great frontiersmen, scouts, and Indian fighters.

Reconstruction in Utah

By N. Alvin Pedersen, Department of English, Utah Agricultural College

The need of the hour is reconstruction. It will take the form in this state of an acute stimulation of industry. Young men of Utah, you are facing golden opportunities; for the resources of your state are hardly touched. They are waiting to be unlocked by the trained hand.

Utah's land is almost as rich as may be found out of doors, but it is not made to yield to its capacity. Our ordinary farmer is not making much money although he toils long hours daily. A little figuring will prove this. Allow him but 5 percent on the money value of his land, and a fair wage for his hired help which, by the way, may be his own children. Deduct these two sums from the farmer's gross income received for all farm produce. The balance will represent what is called the farmer's labor income, or the money he actually earns by his own labor.

Assume, to illustrate, that Smith's farm is worth \$10,000. He is entitled to 5 percent interest on that money, or \$500. His hired help may cost him \$400 yearly; his taxes, \$200. The total of these three items, \$1,100, subtracted from his supposed gross receipts of \$2,000 would leave \$900 as his labor income. Now a number of farm surveys show that the labor income of the average Utah farmer, who tills about 50 acres of irrigated land, approximates, in addition to his table supply, but \$400. This amount plus the interest on his capital may be a fair profit but it is certainly not particularly encouraging. The larger farmer is, to be sure, doing somewhat better; the smaller one, somewhat worse.

The "back-to-the-land" movement, which because of the war and the resultant food shortage is taking on newness of life, is not helped along much by such figures. The difficulty is, however, not with the land but in the man. Other average-sized farmers, employing more modern methods, are obtaining quite different results. They are getting, to illustrate, the usual 5 percent interest rate on the value of their 50 acres. Allowing a reasonable valuation of \$12,000 for their farms we make the interest \$600. Their labor incomes are at the same time more than \$1000 each, or double that of the ordinary farmer. These two amounts combined give the better farmer, then, a net income of at least \$1600 a year with good health and his living

thrown in. At the same time he may have employed his children profitably right at home—quite a consideration in itself.

This begins to look inviting for a young man with his eye on the future. But exceptional farmers, men who farm with both head and hand, do better yet. As a case in point: two years ago ten farmers of Cache county with farms worth but \$14,000 a piece averaged labor incomes of \$2,100 plus \$700 interest on their capital; ten farmers in Beaver county with farms worth \$18,800 each, averaged labor incomes of \$3,100 and \$940 interest; and ten farmers in Sevier county with farms worth \$18,600 each, received labor incomes of \$3,400 besides \$930 interest. Again remember the advantages of family employment in addition to the farmer's liberal board usually heaped with good things to eat—important considerations not included in the estimates. The day of the country gentleman, of the landed estate with all its varied comforts and luxuries, is indeed beginning to dawn upon fair Utah.

Even such cases fail, however, to tell the complete story of your future, young man, should you become a farmer. The splendid results mentioned were achieved by men trained largely by experience and hard knocks—both painful and costly. Consider the good round sums of money you will be able to wring from mother earth with the help of expert knowledge of soils, crops, and farm management such as may be had in the college halls and laboratories of this state.

In this day of competing specialists, the trained men simply cut cross lots to success. "Farmers of New York State who have attended the grade schools," says an agricultural expert, "earn \$318; those who have attended high school, \$622; and those who have attended college, \$847." The size of the farms is not stated, nor is graduation in either case specified. Consequently the figures are not particularly telling; yet they show this significant truth: the grade-school farmer could have almost trebled his earning power by getting some college training. In other words, he would have earned big wages while going to school. Few students sense that.

Don't forget that education is free in Utah and that college training need not cost much. Statistics gathered two years ago showed that students' actual yearly expenses for tuition, books, fees and general keep, in one of our leading institutions, ranged as low as \$225 for the careful student up to \$375 for the liberal spender. With the war over now, these figures will be about correct for 1919. My room mate at Stanford University entered with \$69 to his credit and graduated four years later with \$109.

Wise old Horace Greeley used to say, "Go, West, young man, go West." If he were alive now he would say "Get Training young man, get training." The word "service" is the big-

gest word in the dictionary for men whose careers are under way. But the young man with his career yet to make, needs a word or two more added to his motto. Let it be, "Service and the training that fits for service."

"But this rich-farmer stuff is all a myth to a boy without a foot of land," methinks I hear you say. Not so fast. Farms are available right now, young man. Land worth \$300 an acre that will grow 15 tons of \$12 sugar beets can be rented for \$25 an acre. Irrigated land no farther away than Rich county that will raise good crops of hay, grain, and potatoes was offered for sale last summer at \$60 an acre. One hundred fifty dollars an acre will buy fertile land and water within 15 miles of Salt Lake City. Large tracts of cheap land are being reclaimed in Cache, Millard, Utah, and Sevier counties. Undoubtedly, Sanpete will soon drain her extensive bottom lands which comprise most of that rich valley. San Juan, Washington, and Iron counties have irrigation and dry-farm projects under way that will throw thousands of loamy acres upon the market at a low figure. The immediate future will thus add in the neighborhood of a 1,000,000 acres to Utah's arable lands. Keep in mind that we have now but 3,000,000 acres under cultivation in the State, in order to sense thoroughly the meaning of these facts to a son of this commonwealth. Add to such Utah enterprises, Secretary Lane's projects for reclaiming millions of Uncle Sam's waste acres and then ask yourself if opportunities are not crowding upon you. But they must be seized by a trained hand or they will wither in your grasp.

Uncle Sam's reconstruction policy demands, further, that cattle be kept on a thousand hills in order to feed the human family. These animals may no longer be left to wind and weather but man's hand must be stretched over them. Otherwise God's children will have to go without sorely needed animal products. Secretary Houston urges that for some time to come special stress be laid upon live-stock production. Do you realize, Young Utah, that we have not yet laid aside our baby clothes in this great necessary, paying, industry? We are not even conserving the few long-legged, feather-weight animals we have. We still "winter" our stock on scanty ranges and stingy rations. What a tale of suffering and loss is in that word "winter." We still let animals die from simple, preventable diseases that every farmer ought to know how to combat. Think of it, our unnecessary death loss of live-stock is over a half million dollars yearly. We still milk "robber cows;" and still ignorantly permit valuable, pure-bred Percheron colts to die in foal. There are of course exceptions. Two years ago the Kjar ranch of Manti took the prize for the best car load of steers at the Kansas exposition. But there is truth in the picture.

Astounding truly. Why, a fat six-months' old pig sells for \$20. A Cache Valley lad invested \$40 in a sow; in 18 months he netted from that deal \$318. A well-fed two year old beef is worth \$100; a pound of butter fat brings 87 cents; even a rabbit—but enough. It is inconceivable that Utah will ignore Houston's call. Surely no one will object to buttering his own bread.

How shall our poultry industry be reconstructed to meet the nation's ideal? Utah ought to be ashamed of the fact that she imports \$1,000,000 worth of poultry products yearly. We have first class facilities. Yet many of our farmers keep no hens at all, and the rest of them average but 40 hens, most of which are loafing on the job. This is a condition that passeth understanding when anyone who eats an omelet breakfast on a winter morning knows that every working hen literally lays a golden egg. We were forced to ship into the state last spring a million baby chicks at 10 cents each. Our hatcheries, at least one of which paid 16 percent dividends, were swamped with orders. Why not get in line for some of this money?

Uncle Sam's poultry appeal of last year still stands as part of his reconstruction policy. "100 hens on every farm, a dozen hens in every back yard, and a hundred eggs from every hen." That program would increase our hens by a million and a half; it would add 3,000 tons of poultry to our meat supply; and yield us thirteen million eggs, a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Looks easy, doesn't it? But few activities have more kinks than the chicken business. Many a man will testify that a bloomin' hen won't lay when eggs are high if you give her a silver medal. Incubating eggs are infertile and shells are so hard and thick that the chick can't hatch through to the light of day. Even when the brood is once started there is no telling what will happen—they may eat one another's toes—have been known to do so—or pile up in a yellow heap in one corner of the brooder and unceremoniously smother. Oh the woes of the egg man are many, and the way to success is long.

But poultry preparedness shows the way out. Electric lights in a coop may turn failure to success. Our age is unique in that one can get training for any worthy line of endeavor. College courses emphasize poultry practice. A story is told by an old couple who were going to take a pleasure trip up state. As they stood upon the station platform, a train rushed by with a barking dog in full pursuit. "Do you think he will be able to catch the train?" asked the wife. "Well he may," replied John, "But I wonder what he intends to do with it when he catches it?" The same question used to be pertinently asked the young man in pursuit of the old-fashioned education. But our schools have moved ahead since that day. A college now is the short

cut to useful knowledge of all kinds. Courses of study touch life at all angles.

Great as will be Utah's Agricultural future under reconstruction, her business and manufacturing interests are destined to lead. This means still greater opportunities for Utah boys with the proper training. But the business man of tomorrow must know what he is about, as is rarely true of the business man of today. Blasphemy almost! Nevertheless—Edward N. Hurley, formerly chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, is responsible for the astonishing statement that two-thirds of the business men of the United States do not know the actual cost price of the goods they are selling. By this he means that a confectioner, for instance, does not know with scientific accuracy what proportion of the rent, clerk hire, leakage and waste should be borne by a pound of candy. With an air of profound penetration he writhes in his swivel chair and "guesses" it ought to bear about so and so, being sure to guess high enough to play safe.

That method worked fairly well in the past but a new business man is coming upon the stage. He has a training that will enable him to reduce labor costs by getting more service from employees without friction and fatigue; he will be able to standardize equipment and analyze with scientific accuracy the various elements that make up the actual cost of goods. Consequently when he announces a sale at the lowest possible margin of profit he knows what he is doing. The inefficient business man "guesses" he can sell as low as any body else, is forced to do so in fact. He will consequently be dashed upon the rocks of failure. He will not be able to hold his own with the modern competitor who values every factor that affects the cost of a commodity.

In various ways business is entering a new era that will demand the most skilled training of its devotees. Prospective business men should take this to heart. A Utah financier confessed recently that he had no difficulty in the past when he could run his business to suit himself with rudimentary accounting; but under the new order, worse confounded by taxes on excess profits and incomes, he is baffled. Professional auditing is coming to the front. The Federal Reserve board encourages banks to present audited statements of concerns whose paper they are marketing. Credit associations are stoutly urging audited statements from their clients. Investors everywhere, tired by being fleeced longer by wild-cat schemes, will purchase stock from companies only that are willing to submit audited statements.

This change in the business temper of the age is covered by the terms "cost accounting" and "scientific management." It

will open up a new world of opportunities in business and accounting. Utah has now a son putting concerns in the East on the new basis. He is paying his assistants \$2,000 a year and is earning \$5,000 himself. Contrast with him the sad case of the old-time book-keeper in our offices drawing \$100 a month as long as he is able to draw breath. Business reconstruction will wield a Midas wand in Utah.

Manufacturing is in its infancy here. Yet from my window at the Agricultural College I can see the smoke of a-half dozen factories. Sego condensed milk, canned in this county, was on all the battle fronts of Europe. Cache alone has four sugar factories and others are rising like magic in distant parts of the state. Morgan peas are served in the most exclusive hotels of New York City, and the pea factories of Cache and Sanpete are turning out products just as good. We have meat packing plants, cereal plants, power plants, canneries too numerous to mention. The number of such organizations would unquestionably total two or three hundred, and yet our factory development is just beginning. Twenty years ago such concerns could have been counted on ten fingers.

These firms clamor for trained help. "If you cannot give us a graduate send us a sophomore" is by no means an unknown request of college authorities. What efficiency means in factory production was vividly brought to the attention of Americans by Mr. Schwab's handling of our ship-building problem over which we were so discouraged last summer. In six months' time his skillful management increased the output of the yards 100 per cent. This feat did possibly as much as any other one thing to turn the tide against the Hun.

Young men of Utah, undeveloped resources in agriculture, in business, in manufacturing, surround you. Meet them with all the enthusiasm of your young hearts. Put into the game the integrity, the pluck, and the common sense inherited from your sturdy forefathers. In addition bring to it that which your fathers could not get—expert training. It is your personal, unusual opportunity and at the same time an obligation that Utah lays upon you. She must share with the other states of the Union the problems and harvests of reconstruction.

Logan, Utah

Congressman Joseph Howell

By Preston D. Richards, of the General Board, Y. M. M. I. A.

Congressman Joseph Howell was born in Brigham City, Utah, February 17, 1857, and died in Logan, Utah, July 18, 1918. He attended the common schools and completed the full course at the University of Utah.

He was three times elected a member of the Territorial Legislature and served one term in the State Senate. He is spoken of now, by those who were associated with him in the State and the Territorial Legislature, as one of the most able and far-seeing legislators our State has ever had. To him is due the credit for the establishment of the Agricultural College, at Logan.

Seven times the people of his State, whom he loved, and to whom he was ever true, elected him to represent them in the Congress of the United States, of which he was a member continuously from March 4, 1903, to March 4, 1917.

While a member of Congress he succeeded through his unostentatious but earnest, intelligent and persistent work, in securing legislation pertaining to mining and agriculture, which has helped to give the West its present splendid position in the Nation. To him perhaps more than to anyone else is due the credit for the establishment by the Government of the Bureau of Mines and to the passage by Congress of the Three-hundred-twenty-Acre Enlarged Homestead Act. It has been justly said of him, that he knew personally more Bureau and Division heads in the various Executive Departments in Washington, and was better known by them than any other man in Congress. No man in Congress held a more envied place in the esteem and respect of his associates. Through his splendid abilities and the exemplary life of himself and family, for fourteen years in the Nation's Capital, he did a great deal toward placing his people right before the world. He was honored and respected by all who met him and loved by all who became acquainted with him. During that time his home in Washington was a Mecca for Utah people.

He was for a time a member of the Board of Regents of the University of Utah, and was until his death a member of the Board of Trustees of the Brigham Young College.

For two terms he was mayor of Wellsville, Utah, and for many years he was Counselor to Bishop William H. Maughan,



HON. JOSEPH HOWELL

Born, Brigham City, Utah, February 17, 1857; died, Logan, Utah, July 18, 1918

of Wellsville, and always took a keen interest and an active part in the Church to which he was always devoted.

He was recognized as one of Utah's most able and successful business men, as evidenced by positions he held at the time of his death on the directorate of two of the leading banks of Salt Lake City, and as president and director of a number of the largest enterprises in the state.

While he possessed exceptional business abilities, he was withal a student. His mind was always active and his judgment was unflinching. To few men is given such a splendid intellect as he possessed.

In 1878 he married Mary Maughan, daughter of Bishop William H. Maughan, of Wellsville, who was the helpful companion of his life, and to whom, equally with himself, is due the credit for his unusually successful life. They have ten children, all of whom are living.

Joseph Howell was a loving father, a devoted husband, a wise counselor, a thorough student, a true friend, a great statesman, a successful man.

Be Brief

By Joseph S. Peery

Most speakers talk too much. A thorough preparation, with words shot out from the heart, will move people to action. Mere words will cause weariness and complaint.

Southey says, "Be brief, for it is with words as with sunbeams, the more they are condensed the deeper they burn."

A presiding officer who allows speakers to go past the usual dismissing time, does a real injury to the meeting, and to the speakers themselves. A speaker should study his watch, and not go over the allotted time. If he does trespass on others' time, he not only weakens his own remarks, but weakens the effect of the whole meeting.

For a convention to be a success, the speaker should be limited in time, a timekeeper should be appointed to tap one minute before the time expires, and then the speaker should observe the rules by promptly quitting. It is just as important to stop on time as it is to start on time.

"For this is a day of warning, and not a day of many words." Doctrine and Covenants 53:58.

A Testimony

By Le Roy C. Snow, of the General Board Y. M. M. I. A.

It was a cold, dismal day, Thursday, December 26, 1907. A little girl, eleven years old, walked through the Eagle Gate and turned west on South Temple.

That stalwart man of God, Francis M. Lyman, came out of the President's Office and turned east as he reached the sidewalk.

This great and kind man met the little girl, and said, as he recognized her: "Why, Lucile, how do you do?" Little Lucile looked up into his face with tears in her eyes.

Realizing her grief, President Lyman continued: "Why are you crying, is there anything I can do for you?" "Yes, President Lyman," she said, "my dear mama is suffering, oh so much, and I know if you will come and bless her she will get better."

The servant of the Lord was deeply touched by the little girl's faith and earnestness, and replied: "Yes, my dear, I will go with you right now." He took her little hand and they walked together, this great and good man clothed with the Priesthood of God, and the innocent little girl who was seeking a blessing for her poor, suffering mother.

They entered the home, and as they approached the mother's bed, President Lyman said: "Sister Minnie, the Lord has sent me here. He sent little Lucile to get me to come and give you a blessing. I feel that the Lord will grant you any desire which you may have in your heart at this time, if you will but make it known."

The suffering mother hesitated, then turned her head, full of pain, and answered: "Well, President Lyman, I have never been willing to give up until now. I have always hoped that, perhaps in some miraculous way, I should be healed and be permitted to return to my work in the Lord's service; but if my time has now come, I shall go fully reconciled to the will of God. Yes, I have a desire that I hope may be granted me. I have suffered constant and terrible pain, not for days and weeks, but for months and years, and I do desire that I may be relieved of this suffering during the last hours of my life."

The servant of the Lord placed his hands upon her head, blessed her, rebuked the pain and solemnly made the promise, in the name of the Lord, that her suffering should cease and that she should enjoy peace during life's last hours.

Lucile's face was filled with joy. I went to the bedside and

said: "Mother, I am sure the Lord sent President Lyman to give you a blessing." "Yes," she replied, "I feel happy and believe the pain is already leaving me."

Mother lived some little time after this, but her suffering entirely left her. While she was conscious only part of the time, her expression changed from one of pain and grief to that of happiness and contentment, and she died peacefully with a sweet smile upon her lips.

Little Lucile, through her faith in God's servant, brought the last blessing and happiness into our dear mother's life.

Renewal

"He hath put down the mighty from their seat!"

Thus rang the old decree,
And lo! the epic fiat obsolete
Furls in Autocracy.

For now a tocsin routs the aulic clan,
With dirge commiserate,
And gaunted want lays tenure on the land,
Till kings must supplicate.

A Vulture flinging waste to every zone,
And blood motes to the noon,
Turns wanton talons in upon his own—
Thus nations cringe and swoon.

The sophist vaunt and pride inveterate,
Turns back the Paschal morn,
The night is pulsed with anguish consummate,
Thus Liberty is born.

The battlefield hath stained the lily's sheen,
As with Thessalian flood,
Yet Progress sits her orbit of routine,
And takes her toll of blood.

Her triumph, spun in sacrifice and fire,
Shall purge the hearts of men—
Though hosts her spoil, and Babel-high her pyre,
She shall make new again!

Bertha A. Kleinmann.

Irrigation and Education

By Prof. O. W. Israelsen, of the Utah Agricultural College

The west is rapidly growing into national significance. Its mining, manufacturing, timber, grazing, water power and agricultural resources are now contributing in large measure to urgent national and international needs. That each of the great natural resources about us must be used with the utmost economy in order to meet the needs of the hour cannot be doubted, but the need for careful handling of our agricultural resources is especially important. And water to be used for irrigation is not only the most basic element of our agricultural resources but it is also the most limited one. Every irrigator now carries a keen responsibility—a responsibility comparable indeed to that which rested upon the shoulders of the pioneer irrigators of 1847. That the fathers of modern irrigation carried their responsibility well is true beyond doubt. The great commonwealth which has grown from their humble beginnings is ample evidence of their success.

Irrigation and education have grown equally. So similar has their progress been, so steady their growth and so remarkable the results of their development that mistaken ideas concerning them are now frequently entertained. Many people seriously believe that in order to succeed on an irrigated farm, it is only necessary to provide a ditch and to turn water on the land; and similarly some people entertain the idea that to acquire an education it is only necessary to go to college. Success in irrigation and in education rests alike on some fundamental principles, most important of which are: priority, purpose, place, perseverance, and progress, five principles which may well be designated as the five p's. In connection with each of these five p's certain interesting comparisons between irrigation and education occur to the writer and are pointed out in this paper and in four similar ones to appear in later numbers of the *Era*.

I. Priority

The first men to take water from a stream system have many advantages over later comers. They have access to the most fertile lands, and opportunity to choose the locations for their canals most favored by nature. The cleaning and grading

of their farms, as well as the construction of their canal systems can be accomplished at a minimum expense. Yet some irrigation systems constructed after years of early development are eminently successful. The greater financial sacrifice required in later years stimulates greater care in development.

In the same way men who begin to acquire an education early in life have many advantages over those who begin after maturity. Boys usually have fewer responsibilities to draw their minds from educational work than young men have, and young men have fewer cares than men of middle years. The maximum brain fertility occurs during youth, and the breadth of choice of vocation decreases with advance in years. The money cost of an education, though of minor importance, is also less during youth than after maturity. But in spite of the advantages of beginning an education while young, many men, whose early lives have been relatively dormant, have, after maturity, become well educated and have lived eminently successful lives.

The makers of irrigation law have long insisted that "The first in time is the first in right." General recognition of this principle has resulted in its being designated the "priority of rights doctrine." Irrigation law thus stimulates early development of natural resources.

Likewise the Maker of life's law has decreed that the man who, in his early years, develops his potential God-given powers, has thereafter the greatest ability to use those powers. The law of life thus favors an early development of the natural powers given to every man by his Creator. The "first in time is the first in right" to continuous educational advancement.

Fundamentally important as is priority, the first of the five p's, to both the perpetuation of irrigation and to the acquirement of an education, priority alone avails one but little. That purpose is also a basic element, in perpetuating irrigation and in acquiring an education, will be pointed out in the next number of the *Era*.

Logan, Utah



Dolores

By Alfred Lambourne

I

Why write her name? That name by which men knew her shall be unrecorded here. Instead, we will give her the name of sorrow. Indeed, sorrow she both gave and bore. She was one apart; a strange creature, there was none other like her, none. She was a type of her own; slender, fragile, a thing of grace, a being with whom no comparison may be made. Analytic description would not place her image before one. Of wondrous daintiness her hands, her feet, each limb. The clear pallor of her face was untouched by the faintest glow, her cheeks were wan as her brow, and yet her lips burned red. And red was her hair, a strange and sensuous red, that shaded into night. And it clung to her brow and temples as if it were ever moist with a clammy dew. And the exquisite ears, the column of the perfectly moulded nose, the quiver of the sensitive nostrils, we must speak of these. Ah, yes! And of her languid and weary smile, that parted the thin lips to disclose the small and perfect teeth. Yes, and of her haunting eyes, within whose darkness burned that light which seemed not of this earth. She was an intermedium, a something between day and night, between life and death, this world and another.

Dolores was a sexton's daughter, and her life began in a City of the Dead. She breathed the fragrance of roses that grew by grassy mounds and half-sunken gravestones. With eyelids closed, she pressed the red petals to her redder lips, and her pleasure was none the less that their life might be fed in the dust of crumbled hearts. Yet in her ecstasy she shivered a little, for her blood, like the sap which crept upward from the roots in the sacred soil, flowed chill. Death was in her veins as it was in those of the plants. And soon the rose would droop and die, and her heart, too, would cease to beat. And then no more the beauty and fragrance of life.

Yet this strange being was loved. This fragile woman, in whom was combined a psychical Astarte, with a terrestrial Nox, had lovers. The two young Teutons, Karl and Max, both sought her hand. The gardener, he whose days were passed among the florescent life; the grave-digger, he who dug in the earth, and prepared for the dead their tenements of clay; these men, twin brothers, loved blindly the sexton's daughter. And both

the brothers were poor, yet both possessed a will. Despite their calling, the one might have been a disguised young god, and in the other could be seen a Dionysius. Tacitus, the Roman historian, long since has told us of the tenacity of will, the determination, of the early Teutonic race. Karl and Max? Each was conquered by passion, but each had vowed in secret to conquer in his turn. Each had, unalterably, set his heart upon possessing the sexton's daughter.

Fate brought them there. There was nothing incongruous in her act, from her days of childhood the City of the Dead had been her playground. She had spelled out her lessons in the letters on mossed and ivied tombs; in the years gone by, in the narrow stream, whose transparent waters crept from avenue to avenue of the sacred place, a hundred times, she had waded thus. This woman was a child in impulse—and now? The little foot was severely cut; she had stepped on a sharp-edged stone. The blood flowed swiftly, it made crimson the snow-white skin, and, supine, helpless in pain, fainting, she leaned to the bole of a tree which grew on the stream's low bank.

Yes, Fate brought them there. Together the men, these twin brothers, who each returned from his day's toil, bound up the wound. Then, with their hands clasped around each other's wrists, and, as if she were taking her part in a game of Queen's chair, was seated Dolores. Along the now darkening and deserted avenues, the white stones gleaming on either side, the men carried the one whom they loved. And, so, they reached the sexton's house, and passed through its gate.

II

Deep in a gorge—inhabitable, bleak, as desolate and savage as the most misanthropic mind could conceive—Fate had placed two men. They were Karl and Max. The brothers, the two men who had learned to love the one woman, had met again in desperate game. They loved the same woman, and now they were alike seekers of gold. Flat-topped and stable, a long perspective of vast, rocky walls; wearisome to the eye with endless repetitions of masonry-like forms, huge blocks and tiers of basalt, ledge below ledge, slope below slope, gloomy amphitheatre, broken hallways, descending to the edge of a swirling river! We tell not where; we have not named that being in the City of the Dead, nor have we told where that Necropolis is, and the where of this place shall be unknown, and it shall be nameless, too. Terrible, this gorge, a place sinister as forbidding, one that might bring into life and foster black thoughts of evil, or harden a heart into sameness with its own harsh scenes, that might subdue a conscience, and fill with selfishness and savage desire a



human soul. Terrible when the sun looked down upon it; and appalling beneath the storm; a scene of repellent desolation by day, and of sombre suggestions at night.

And who were the inhabitants—the human—of this dreadful gorge? Had one looked over its edge, they would have beheld, far down, this unusual sight. A rod of mesquite—with a bit of bright rag fluttering atop—set in a crevice and piled around with stones. This was a “guide” and marked the head of a hazardous trail, but there, where the trail ended at the water’s edge, along the sand-bars, were the seekers of wealth. There they endured—unkempt and grizzled, rough as the place in which they toiled—a thousand hardships. Half blinded with the glare of the sun upon the sands, yet chilled with the waters which brought the sands they sifted, tempting deaths from day to day, the men were ever toiling. There they endured all for the sake of the coveted gold.

And among them Karl and Max, who fulfilled there the primal curse.

“Thou shalt not covet”—there is the law. But was that gorge a place of law? What law was there but the unbridled laws of nature, the law which would bid greed to take? Gold, gold that he might win the sexton’s daughter—that was the greed in the soul of each. . It was love which had taken those two men, Karl and Max, to toil on the river bars; it was love that had turned them into seekers of gold, but love in that place might be hardened by hate, made desperate with fear. Gold, on those river sands was to be gathered for the very taking, and the gold, day after day, in gleaming dust and weight of nuggets, increased the brothers’ store. Sifting, sifting, that was their end-

less toil; day after day, always at the water's edge; and with gleaming eyes and hands a-tremble with insatiate greed, the gold was won from the flood. To those brothers, who had nestled together in pre-natal life, the unconquerable, the perverted love for a woman, the fear of jealous rage, had brought this end. They toiled and hated, hated and toiled, and darkened their souls for the gleam of gold.

Desperate chances, desperate need, and desperate men! Is it true that each soul contains the making of an angel, a demon? If so, then that cherished greed had done its work. In that terrible gorge the dread seeds in the soul of each brother had been developed into maleficent life. Had it not been for gold in that desolate place, may not that seed have remained dormant in each brother's soul?

In that gorge the bleached or lichened bones of unknown victims have been found. How came they there? Perhaps the bones were of men who had met death alone, or were murdered by a false companion. After years have passed away, their stores of wealth have remained yet hidden, or they have been discovered and taken from the "cache." And, sometimes, the gathered gold was gone, for it was that which had proved the men's undoing. Karl and Max possessed wills of steel, and at the center of each will was—the sexton's daughter. In their desires, their determination, the men had grown fierce, in keeping with the savageness of the desolate gorge.

"Thou shalt not kill." Was there already guilt in those desperate hearts? Did each of those men desire the other's death? Each one hated the other's life. Had either of the lovers been struck dead by the fervid heat or by the lightning bolt, then the other would have looked with pleasure upon his brother's corpse. Or had the waters of the river swept one away, then the other would have exulted that he lived alone. They were near to the sin of Cain.

Their loves, their hatreds, were hidden in their breasts, the name of Dolores was never spoken. Yet, all too well, each knew why the other was there. What but some dreadful purpose was in those furtive glances, that silent rage? Did they not plot as, at the river's edge, they vied in labor, when in their "shelter" they appraised their ruddy gains? Each would have taken away the other's store; no, not for the love of the gold alone, but in full knowledge of what some day, that gold might do. Death! Should this thing come to pass?

Each man knew that the other's gold would be made an offering of love.

And, at last, came the deeper crime, the act which broke the command, "Thou shalt not kill."

And then the one lover lay dead, and the other seemed to hear the words: "Thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground."

III

The "shelter" was hidden in a great cleft, an antique and solemn hallway, riven at right angles, during some convulsion of nature, to the black gorge, and midway between the level top of the mountain wall, and the rushing stream. There had been enacted the unthinkable crime. And there one brother had suddenly realized the work he had done; and as suddenly, too, he seemed to age. Those moments were hours, those hours were years. How long ago it seemed that his brother had lived! And then it seemed to the murderer that the dead man spoke in the winds that came from the waste, in the voice of the river which came from below. Terrible the brightness, more terrible the night! Afar, a coyote howled, and the white mists which arose from the sunken waters, seemed but to hide some form of dread. "And they shall call for the mountains to fall on them, and the rocks to cover them." How suddenly in his heart was that man accursed, how suddenly an impossible place for that man, with his murder-accusing conscience, his terror-haunted soul, to dwell.

And so the fratricide, the slayer of his twin-brother, had fled.

As it had been dashed to the ground the body lay. What need to tell which one? No matter which brother had slain his brother, the crime had been the same. Upon the dead man's throat there were the marks of finger grips; hate against hate, a sudden determination to conquer, there had been a fierce struggle amid the rocks. The footprints and the torn clothing bore witness to how desperate had been the contest. And one brother had conquered and the other lay dead. Each "cache" was undisturbed; to this day there the gold lies still. Of what avail the weighty nuggets, the gleaming dust? The sudden fear, the realization of the deed, the agony of remorse, had come. The living wished that he might change place with the dead. An inferno, that gorge, the scene of their toil, their jealousy, their hate—his crime. But where would it not be, for him, an inferno? The sight of the dead brother blasted his life. What difference where he fled—like the first of the race to murder, terrorized, with hands stained with his brother's blood?

And banished forever from his love.

Strive as he will against the thought, the murderer is drawn back to the scene of his crime. And as surely will the lover, hopeless in his hopeless passion long to look once more on the object of his love. Drawn there against his will, and yet of his own fascination, can we imagine a haggard and fear-stricken man, again in that cleft in the lava walls, and looking upon the yet undiscovered bones of a murdered brother? Or can we imagine that he then covered those bones from the sight of men, and lingered in that accursed spot? Yet both, the living brother did.

And, even as the fratricide labored to hide away the evidence of his awful guilt, the shade, the ghost of the murdered man seemed to look upon him. Nor was this all, Delores, she whom the murderer believed to be yet among the living, yes, Dolores, she, also, appeared to be there at the scene of the crime and to gaze upon him at his labor with calm, yet, unearthly eyes. Dolores, or the spirit of Dolores, and again the living brother fled from that terrible gorge.

Who was that who later crept in his guilt into the City of the Dead? Dolores! As one who is dying of thirst longs to place to his parched lips the cooling waters, so that man, in his agony, longed to drink at the fount of love. Dolores! Once more, before he sank into the depths, he would look on that slender form, the hands, the feet, the pallid face, the sensuous hair, the smile, the red lips of the sexton's daughter. He would read his fate, in her living, her haunting eyes. But he looked not again on these. The twilight lay around; it had been thus in the City of the Dead, in that hour when, with his brother, he had helped to carry his wounded love, as in a Queen's Chair. But oh! what now met his startled sight! That newly made grave? Ah, God! "Dolores." There, then, was his love! Clay that mingled with clay. Upon that grassy sward she had played when a child; near the mossy head stones upon which she had once spelled the letters, the stream flowed by. Down that avenue Dolores had walked when she had become a woman, and along its length the brothers had borne her, when her strange beauty had set their hearts on fire. There was her grave, and the fragrance of the roses was all around.

The supernatural is not of death, it is of life. Those accusing eyes which had looked upon the murderer in the desert gorge did not belong to that woman who lay dead, but to the spirit which did not cease to live. They belonged not to the dust of that frail and beautiful body, but to the intensity in that parted soul.

Home Poems

The Cliff-Dweller

Up among the mountain crags
Where the nights are cold,
Where the brightest sunshine falls,
In our high stronghold,
We, the Marmots of the cliffs,
Whistle all day long,
Love and life and happiness,
That is all our song.

We, from our aerie perches
On the fallen rocks,
Basking in the warm sunshine,
Watch the feeding flocks;
Far below the valley wide
Stretches green and bright,
See its shining river there,
Sparkling thread of light.

This our high-set Citadel,
Twice one hundred we,
Chubby balls of ruddy fur,
Happy, fat and free.
Listen to our piping calls,
Notes so clear and gay,
Echo round the mountain walls,
Cliffs of rose and gray.

Kaysville, Utah

When the winter snows come down
Covering us so deep,
All the wise men in the world
Think we are asleep,
Think we sleep for seven months,
Little do they know
Of our winter jollity
Underneath the snow;

Scuttling through our galleries,
Cuddling close and warm,
Feeding on the choicest roots
Free from fear of harm;
None to hear our joyous calls
Or our grunts of glee,
As we wear the winter out
With festivity.

When the sun grows warm again
Kissing off the snow,
From our chambers underground
To the light we go.
Feasting on the fresh, green shoots,
Whistling love notes clear,
In our village of the rocks,
Happy all the year.

T. McClure Peters

We'll Soon be Back

Like many others, these boys were disappointed at not getting "over there," and they voiced their feelings as follows:

We'll soon be back from this terrible war,
Covered with honors and medals galore.
Back from the roar and crash and din
Of the battles in France we never were in!
Back from doing our duties well—
Regular heroes we are—like —!
We'll soon be back on the job again,
Out of the trenches and cold and rain,
Out of fierce encounters with the Huns!—
Where we used our mouths instead of guns!
Back from doing our wonderful stunt
Of doing "Squads East" on the Louisville front!
Yes, we'll soon be back from doing our bit,
Proving our courage and showing our grit!

Playing our part in the awful jam,
 By forcing meal tickets on Uncle Sam.
 In fact there is nothing could possibly mar
 Our wonderful record in winning the war!
 We know what we'll face when we're home once more;
 How they'll "josh" and "kid" us about "our" war,
 And say we were soldiers of peaceful ways!
 Oh! we'll hear all of that to the end of our days.
 We can only reply to the guys who "kid,"
 By golly we tried and that's more than you did!
 —*Alva Coleman* and his "*Bunkie*" in the *Wasatch Wave*, Heber, Utah

The Chronic Doubter

"I know not what betides me
 Or why my soul, depressed,
 Yearns on amid the shadows
 Of life and finds no rest;
 Or why the sun when shining
 Sends not his cheering ray
 Into my heart, repining,
 As on through life I stray.

"I find no joy in service,
 To 'common' man so sweet,
 Though flowers in twining garlands
 Lie on and at at my feet.
 I see not with my neighbor,
 Nor feel the ruddy glow
 That comes from love and labor
 To mortals here below.

"My days are but the setting
 Of suns that never rise,
 And all my studied getting
 But makes me more unwise;

Till every hope seems blighted,
 And life a wilderness,
 Mirage and mist united;
 Few friends to cheer or bless."

'Tis clear, sad friend, 'tis clear!

Your clouds are but the billows
 Of fog and mist and haze,
 Which rise from doubts within you,
 And darken all your days;
 Like motley fish in ocean,
 Pursued by aught of harm,
 Sends out an ooze to hide it,
 You drift through sea and storm.

If y'd see the light and glory
 Of heaven and earth anew,
 And read life's teeming story
 Of conquests real and true;
 Then banish now, forever,
 Your myths of doubt and fear,
 And fight life's storms and battles,
 In faith, out in the clear.

A. B. Christenson

Hinckley, Utah

The Solitary Scribe

Shadows and silence fall o'er the earth,
 As the sun, veiled in gath'ring clouds, dips low in the West.
 A chilling wind sweeps up from the great Eastern Waters,
 Its biting breath the herald of bleak Winter's wrath.
 Sloping gently from Cumorah's hill,
 The timbered landscape, delved with ditches deep,
 Falls into brooding obscurity.
 A strange, unhallowed stillness fills the world:
 No voice of husbandman or wife—nor song of children
 Falls on the ear. None but the voice of winds,
 Rocking the leafless branches of the trees;
 And the screech of hawk and vulture,
 Soaring and dipping like pirate frigates
 On the maddened main.

In a cavern, man-made for refuge,
 In Cumorah's southward side, a log is blazing,
 Casting furtive shadows o'er the gray interior.
 A stone of bulk and smoothness rests near the fire,
 And on it sits a figure deep in thought—and writing
 With a deftness born of master hand and mind.

He pauses—his eyes turn from the shining plates
 Toward the leaning flames, which 'luminate
 A visage, strong and finely-cut, softened with sorrow,
 And furrowed with some mighty tragedy;
 Two deep-set eyes that flash forth fire, then melt with love,
 As yearningly they turn aloft for Light.
 Who is this man of grief, secreted and alone, and wrapt in thought?
 Alas, 'tis he—sole remnant of his race—
 Moroni, the Solitary Scribe.

Moroni, the seer, the prophet, prophet's son;
 Moroni, the well-beloved of God;
 Chosen and blessed through triumph in less lofty spheres;
 Exalted through the conquest of himself,
 And faith unfailing in the Living God,
 The God of Lehi, Nephi, Alma and his noble sire.
 This is Moroni, hidden from the prowling Lamanites,
 Who seek his life because of savage hate.
 Their hosts have triumphed on the battle-field,
 And Nephite men, both small and great,
 Bowmen, spearsmen, swordsmen, captains—all,
 Now lie in rotting heaps upon the earth.
 Their wives, fair daughters of the once proud Zarahemla,
 Are cold in death, ravished and slain;
 Their children, victims of the curse and innocent,
 Have fallen 'neath the warm, wet sword,
 Forced to suffer for parental sin.

Erase the awful scene, O God of Heaven!
 This grim reminder of a nation's guilt.
 Would that it might be hid eternally
 Beneath the wreck and ruin of a race.
 But this, alas, can never be.
 The Past must needs be bared
 To guide the children of the Present Day,
 Who, if they ape the foolish dead,
 Must in the future reap the same reward.
 History's a monument of enduring Truth—
 Austere it stands, the woe and weal of Time:
 Its base the bones of empires built by Might;
 Its shaft the souls of martyrs slain for Right;
 Its pinnacle the fadeless Star of Bethlehem.

So, from the pen inspired of this sad scribe,
 The chapters grow, writ in imperishable gold.
 The hours advance, and in the cloudy sky
 The wan, white moon moves silent in its course.
 Midnight passes; the scribe still writes;
 The first faint glow of dawn
 Fringes the eastern heavens.
 And with the falling of the morning dew,
 The task is finished. The plates engraved
 Are sealed for purposes best known to Him
 Who rules in wisdom, majesty and power.

Sealed by Moroni, sealed with scalding tears
 That spring from a heart torn open-wide with grief—
 Grief for his brethren now in Paradise,
 Waiting in fearful agony the eye of God.
 O Man, a fearful, burning hell is thine indeed,
 If, after drinking deep the nectar of the spheres,
 Thou turnest to the wine of luxury and lust and war—
 Lurid phantoms, dreams that perish, wild deliriums
 That beckon to the abyss of despair.
 O Man, debased, thy wine so sweet to quaff,
 Becomes as wormwood to thy dry, parched lips.

The fire burns low—the embers slowly die—
 The sun-god, climbing out of orient seas,
 Proclaims the doom of Night, the birth of Day.
 From out the cavern stealthy steals the scribe,
 Bearing the precious records of his race.
 His eyes free scan the landscape, and his steps
 Turn toward the sturdy cavity of stone.
 Therein are placed the sacred plates of gold,
 The sword of Laban and the shield,
 The Thummim of the Seers, a gift from God,
 There to repose until Jehovah's voice
 Shall call them forth.

Moroni's task is done. The plates are now secure;
 A cloud is lifted from his weary countenance.
 He kneels in fervent prayer, then draws his robe
 About him. And with hasty step
 He leaves Cumorah by a winding path.

And in a moment more the Solitary Scribe is lost to view—
 Lost in the forest's unfrequented depths,
 There, till the summons Home shall come,
 He roams the melancholy earth alone with God.

Frank C. Steele

Chattanooga, Tenn.

Old Jacob Petersen is Dead

[Dr. Charles L. Olsen, of Salt Lake City, Utah, while in Denmark on a mission, some twenty-five years ago, copied the following verses from an old number of the *Millennial Star*. "Mormondom" has many heroes like "Old Jacob."—*Editors*.]

As idly down the street I went,
 I saw some wagons driven slow,
 And turning to an urchin, said:
 "Say, boy, where do these wagons go?"
 He lightly tossed his cap in air,
 And loud and just as lightly said:
 "They're going to the graveyard, sir;
 Old Jacob Petersen is dead."

I fancied as the mourners passed
 Their eyes reproachfully were bent;
 And as a mute apology
 I turned and followed where they went.

The meager crowd bareheaded stood;
 The plain, white coffin found the earth;
 While one, uncouth in word and dress
 Rehearsed his parentage and birth:

"Born in far Norway's frozen clime,
 The child of bitterest poverty,
 He learned that hands were made to toil,
 Ere scarce he left his mother's knee.
 He ate with thankfulness his crust
 ('Twas often but a barley cake.)
 He owed no debt; his parents saved
 And sacrificed for others' sake.

"And uncomplainingly he toiled,
 Nor ever thought to change his lot;
 But living as his father lived,
 Die as his father—in his cot.
 Content where summer seldom came,
 With naught but poverty in view,
 He married one who loved him well,
 A woman good, and sweet, and true.

"The Gospel came—sun shone at last;
 His humble heart responsive beat;
 'The true sheep know the shepherd's voice;'
 His barley crust was manna sweet.
 His few friends wept and shook their heads,
 And bade him farewell mournfully,
 When Zionward he set his face,
 To labor for eternity.

"He dared the dangers of the deep,
 And while his heart with anguish bled,
 He saw his only daughter die,
 The form consigned to ocean's bed.
 One cheered him on his chosen road,
 The joy and comfort of his life;
 And 'midst his grief he thanked his God
 For that one perfect gift—his wife.

"A stranger in a foreign land,
 He yet pressed onward to the goal;
 Both soul and body seemed sustained
 By that new light that filled his soul.
 And when his wife to death succumbed,
 A smitten reed, bowed to the sod;
 Yet comfort found in her last words:
 'Press onward in the work of God.'

"He lived to reach this favored land,
 And Brigham Young he lived to hear;
 A sermon he in English preached,
 Translated to his 'Danish' ear.
 He lived to walk in sacred halls;
 A temple's holy threshold trod;
 Drank deeply of a lasting peace,
 And learned the changeless will of God.

"He did a great, unselfish work
 For those who never saw this light.
 He buckled all Christ's armor on,
 And by his labors kept it bright.
 And more; in all the trivial acts
 By which we keep our mortal breath,
 He dealt as should a man whose life
 Is pledged to Him—for life or death.

"He wished in flesh to meet his God,
 But died, as he had lived, resigned;
 Christ did not come, but he has gone,
 His body to the earth consigned.
 It matters little when our work
 Is done, and eyes grow weak and dim,
 Whether the dear Lord comes to us,
 Or we, through death, may go to Him."

And this was all; a few short words
 Of prayer, the dead man's grave was filled
 And rounded up with decent care;
 Dried were the tears that friendship spill'd.
 Old Jacob Petersen was dead,
 And buried, too, but few there be
 Can such heroic record claim,
 Unspotted, as was given thee.

He reached no heights of brilliant fame
 In war, in learning, wealth or power;
 But with the talent God had given
 He wrought his task out hour by hour,
 And paved to heaven a path of gold,
 By doing duties that God gave.
 Who'd think a hero slept beneath
 To see "Old Jacob's" humble grave?

—E. J.

A Soldier's Vision

There's a little girl I'm loving in the land across the sea,
 Through the softness of the twilight she comes creeping close to me.
 I can almost feel her handclasp, I can see her tender eyes,
 As they glow across the darkness with a light that never dies.

Oh, a hard day lies behind me—there's a bitter dawn ahead;
 There's a man next door who's moaning, and my bunkie mate lies dead;
 But she's coming through the shadows, and her glance is misty bright,
 And I know her love is near me through the horror of the night.

Yes—she gave me to our country, though she might have made me stay.
 How she kissed me, smiling bravely, as she brushed the tears away!
 And her voice rings past the moaning, past the battle raging near,
 And she says, "Be true and fearless, just because I love you, dear."

There's a little girl, she's waiting in the land across the foam,
 And I know that she is praying that with honor I'll come home:
 And I make myself a promise that I'll justify her plan—
 The ideal that she sets me of a soldier and a man!

Prvt. Fred Peterson, in the Stars and Stripes, France.

A Winter Night

By Claude T. Barnes

One of the most inspiring sights of winter is the clear sky of night, after a day of purifying snow. Its transparency is at once fathomless and incomprehensible; and in it the ordinary opalescence becomes a dull violaceous blue, a blue solemn and infinite. The high mounds of clouds possess a radiant, incomparable whiteness; the stars stud the heavens with an argentine glow, and the moon, ordinarily aureate, gleams like a ball of phosphorescent silver. All the former smoke, soot and atmospheric dirt lie beneath the earth's covering of snow, as if a celestial hand had cleansed the heavens of an unwelcome defilement.

It was just such a night when Sterling Scott stepped out upon the porch of his home, filled his lungs with the bracing air, and pondered over the rare beauty of the scene. Before him rose the Wasatch mountains, white, cold and clear, almost inviting in their weird loveliness.

Nature in all her moods was to Scott a constant allurements; for each Saturday afternoon it was his custom to trudge into the mountains, confident always in his knowledge of woodcraft to avoid such dangers as sorely try the ordinary venturer. Sleeping alone in the woods was to him a mere incident; and seldom had his sweet slumbers been disturbed. Ordinarily, however, he sought the woods in ample time to make a comfortable encampment before night fall; and now, though an exceptionally busy week had made him late, the charm of the wilds was whispering to him and he must go.

As his den was filled with guns, revolvers, hunting suits, chamois coats, boots, leather bags, and paraphernalia of pleasing variety, he in a few minutes accoutered himself with everything he needed, including a snug, waterproof sleeping bag, a rifle of 32-20 calibre, and a canvas sack of provisions. Meanwhile his dog Tip, a pointer of excellent blood, danced about the room with unmistakable delight, as he always did the moment his master picked up a gun; and into the cold, clear night the two companions ventured forth.

As Sterling trudged over the deep snow of the foothills he rested occasionally, and looked back upon the many scintillating lights of the city, wondering if in all those homes of warmth and ease there could be one so imbued with the spirit and freedom of the wilds that he would venture into the mountains alone on a night like this. Latent in every true man's breast is the soul of the Indian, awaiting the call of the woods, longing to meet and

overcome the dangers that gave zest to the life of primitive man.

Knowing that snow lay too deep in the canyon for easy travel, Sterling followed a trail leading up a wind-swept ridge where only in intermittent gullies he was constrained to wallow through. The lights of the city sank behind him, and each step took him towards vistas of ever increasing lights and shadows: indeed, he sometimes studied the effect of the moon's soft gleam on the glittering snow with a feeling of awe at the solemnity of undisturbed nature. It awakened within him slumbering thoughts of the Infinite; for few things have the power of a lonely mountain to draw one near to the great Unseen Power.

On a distant ridge a coyote jarbled its weird howl; but save for this and the forlorn hoot of a sheltered owl, no sounds floated through the crisp night air except the hard breathing of Sterling and his faithful dog.

Finally he walked beside a stalwart pine, which rose from the depths of a dark, precipitous gulch to the level of the ridge trail; then as he circled the north side of a steep peak he suddenly came upon the sad evergreen grove that he had from the start chosen as a camping site. Moreover, the snow on the northern slopes was now so deep that further progress would be altogether too laborious.

Selecting a fine, big, blue spruce tree he was pleased to find a practically dry bed of old pine cones beneath its thick overhanging lower branches; so in this dense cover he lay his sleeping bag; and before he had time to feel too keenly the cold, removed his boots and crept snugly inside. He took time to spread his hunting coat over the dog lying beside him and then pulling down the head flap was soon enjoying that sweet meditation that always presages the calmest slumber.

It must have been an hour or more before he was suddenly awakened by a pitiful whine from his dog, Tip. The poor animal shook with fear, growled nervously and then whined again, all the while endeavoring to creep as close to his master as possible. Sterling clutched his gun, peered out into the gloom and could neither see nor hear anything to excite his suspicion.

He patted the dog's back in the belief that the animal might be suffering from cold, but its hair stood on end, its body was warm and it was clearly agitated solely by fright. For several minutes he sat gazing at the darkish clearing before him, trying to discover some lurking, dingy form 'midst the solemn, gloomy pines; but if any animal was there it was as motionless and undiscernible as a spruce bough. Finally he snuggled Tip very close, thus apparently allaying his fears, and in an alert state of mind lay down, dozed and again slept.

Soon, however, he was awakened as before, though this time his dog was unmistakably filled with terror at something. It

was staring into the sombrous clearing, whining, shaking and trying to back beneath its master. Sterling looked intently with gun in hand ready for instant action. Nothing happened save the continued disquietude of the dog, which acted as if glaring at some serpent-haired gorgon. In fact the mysterious cause of the dog's alarm was giving Sterling himself some concern, for nothing is so dreadful as the indiscernible danger.

Finally, beside a distant balsam two luminous, tiny balls appeared, and for a second remained glowing as if made of phosphorous. Instantly Sterling raised his gun to fire; but just as quickly the balls disappeared and there was a rustle among the evergreens. The dog whined piteously.

Now, no one can anticipate with absolute accuracy what any particular animal will do under given circumstances: animals vary as do men; and while ordinarily they act in a certain manner, exceptions sooner or later appear. Thus the mysterious prowler, Sterling thought, might be a mountain lion driven by hunger to attempt the life of the dog; or even a wolverine bent on some form of ingenious deviltry. Bears were, of course, asleep. Whatever it was it had a singular ability to excite terror in the dog, and the distance between its gleaming eyes indicated it to be no small animal.

As Sterling thus meditated he began to feel chilly; so with much difficulty he started a small fire with the resinous under-branches of the evergreens. It burned indifferently, hence it was only with considerable arm-exercise that Sterling could bear the vigil.

After what seemed hours, the dog again manifested every sign of distress. Sterling watched closely, keeping his gun half raised. At last the two glowing balls again appeared; so he slowly, deliberately took aim and fired. Something rushed through the evergreens and then silence again prevailed.

At once Tip appeared relieved, as his master could feel the wagging tail. The dog sprang out a few feet into the clearing and barked just as a timid *dachshund* might bravely bark through a fence at a bull terrier. Taking this mark of confidence as a sure indication that the weird animal had departed, Sterling again went to bed.

In the morning he was astonished to find the unmistakable footprints of a wolf. They proved that it had skulked behind the balsams, waited first in one place then in another, but always beneath or behind the evergreens. Thus the terror of the dog was explained; for even numbers of dogs cannot ordinarily be prevailed upon to follow a wolf, which is capable of either whipping or killing them with marvelous rapidity. The heavy snows, the pangs of hunger, had thus combined to make the wolf the exception to its slinking race.

The Essentials of Permanent Agriculture

By Dr. E. G. Peterson, President Utah Agricultural College

I—Good Stock

It is a truism that no stream can rise higher than its source. It is a natural law that energy cannot be created, increased or diminished or finally destroyed, but is capable only of being transformed from one kind to another. Such is a statement of the Law of Conservation and Energy. We cannot gather figs from thistles. Neither can we expect high returns in civilization and culture from inferior people. The first step in the development of permanent agriculture is to see to it that superior people engage in farming.

Good stock is as necessary in human beings as it is in horses or cattle if we are to secure a definite result. The offspring of perverts and criminals by nature cannot be expected to think holy thoughts or maintain sustained and faithful adherence to high ideals. An Indian cayuse may never father a Percheron or a thoroughbred. A beautiful Hereford calf never came from a scrawny, gaunt sire.

Qualities of the mind and the spirit are transmitted as are qualities of the body. No son has greater potentiality of body, mind or spirit than the power of body, mind or spirit of his ancestors either individually or by combination. Artists tend to beget artists. Wise leaders and industrious workers tend to transmit the qualities which produce wisdom and industry. To be sure, often a strong father has an apparently weak son. Yet if we investigate we should find the weakness of the son back somewhere in the ancestry passed to the son by direct transmission or through disastrous combination of qualities in the male and female elements of the line of descent; either this would be true or we would discover the strength of the father hidden in the son through abuse, dissipation or through disuse of the organs or qualities which if exercised would produce the strength of the father again in the son. Strong men may mate with weak women or the reverse. The children may thereby inherit strength or weakness or a combination.

In other words, the strength and the weakness we see about us does not come from nothing or from external forces. It comes from within the family. It may be developed or latent, but as surely as figs come only from fig trees, so power in the

son comes only from power in parentage, and so with clean, strong bodies, so with industry, intelligence, faith, and dignity of spirit.

If we are to have a high rural civilization, if we are to have permanent agriculture upon which to build happy, clean and prosperous homes and that resultant stability of citizenship which comes in largest measure from the farms, we must put and keep strong, clean, superior people on the land.

The agriculture of the South is hopeless until the "white trash" get off the land, and the "black trash" likewise. We can never make superior people out of white or black trash. We must replace them. No more can we take a run-down herd on the range and expect by feeding, ranging and sheltering them properly, to develop from them a herd of superior beef animals. The wise husbandman brings in a great sire to lead the herd, and soon by selection and great care he will produce after the kind of the great sire.

We must, if we would preserve our agriculture, keep our land in good hands. We must see to it that the profits in farming are sufficient to attract the superior. We must see to it that comforts and educational advantages are numerous and plentiful, so that families may be reared in harmony with the desires of worthy and able men and women. There must be the advantages of lights, automobiles, hot and cold running water in the home, bath tubs, sanitary disposal of sewage, and garbage, good roads, cement walks, flowers, substantial and sightly buildings, good schools, and recreational opportunities.

Utah stands first in many of these things. There is good stock on Utah farms. We must see that all else is supplied so that the qualities of quick strength and stability which we have shall be preserved and developed.

Logan, Utah



President Buchanan's Loyalty

By Joseph A. West

It is an interesting and remarkable fact, that the man who questioned "Mormon" loyalty, in 1857, and sent an army to Utah to suppress a supposed "Mormon" rebellion, should have his own loyalty questioned by no less an authority than a distinguished senator of the United States.

It will be remembered that the "Mormons" first settled, as a religious body, in Kirtland, Ohio, where they built a city and a temple, all of which they were compelled to abandon. They later found a home in Jackson county, Missouri. From Jackson county they were compelled to flee into Clay county, and thence into Caldwell county, of that state, and from the latter place, to Illinois, where once more they built, on the banks of the Mississippi river, a beautiful city which they called Nauvoo, and a still more magnificent temple than the first.

In 1844, their Prophet and Patriarch were foully murdered, while under the State's sacred pledge of protection. The people were again compelled to flee for their lives, abandon their homes, their city and temple. This time they fled into the western wilderness, among savages, since there was no other place for them to go within the confines of civilization. They had appealed to the officials of many states in the Union, and to the general Government, setting forth the wrongs which they had endured and asking for protection, but all turned a deaf ear to their petitions. President Van Buren alone replied, stating that their cause was just, but that he could do nothing for them.

Their next rallying place was the valley of the Great Salt Lake, in what was then graphically designated *The Great American Desert*. After a brief respite of about ten years, they were again ruthlessly assailed, not by local, irresponsible mobs, nor mobs under the guise of state militia as before, but by the Government of the United States, acting on the false information that the "Mormons" were in open rebellion to its authority and that they were guilty of certain illegal acts which, according to the testimony of their own investigating committee, were never committed.

It availed the "Mormons" nothing that in the darkest hours of their western migration they had promptly met the demands of the Government for five hundred men to fight in

its battles with Mexico, and that in the name of the United States, they had taken possession of the very country they were then inhabiting, and had raised the Stars and Stripes as an evidence to all the world of their devotion to and love for the institutions of the very country from which they had been so lately and ruthlessly expatriated.

An army was quickly and quietly assembled without stopping to investigate the truth of the statements that had given rise to the expedition, and immediately sent to Utah with the same avowed, hostile purpose that had characterized all former "Mormon" persecutions, the utter destruction of the "Mormon" Church and people.

News of the army's coming was brought by couriers to the Latter-day Saints who were assembled in large numbers in one of the canyons of the Wasatch mountains, peacefully and happily celebrating the anniversary of the entrance of the pioneers into the Salt Lake Valley, under the folds of the Stars and Stripes, the flag they lovingly honored on all their public occasions.

Brigham Young, their modern Moses, and the legally constituted Governor of the Territory by presidential appointment, soon placed the Territory under martial law and called upon the militia to prevent the unlawful invasion of this hostile force, the purpose of whose coming none could know, since there had been no official notification. The action was taken in order that the Government and Country at large might have time and opportunity to learn the true situation.

His masterful policy worked like a charm, and the army did not enter the Salt Lake Valley, until it came as a peaceful *posse comitatus*. It then passed some forty miles beyond Salt Lake City, establishing itself at Camp Floyd, named after the then Secretary of War, through whose instrumentality this movement was mainly undertaken, and who later became one of the arch traitors of the Union, taking with him one million dollars from the U. S. Treasury which he later placed in the Treasury of the Confederacy.

At this late day, so far removed from these days of "Mormon" persecution, it may seem unaccountable that such scenes as I have described could possibly take place in this great country of ours, and under the flag of our glorious government which has so lately given the world such an exalted example of its devotion to the cause of human freedom, but it must be remembered that human nature is very much the same in every day and time, and that the true Church of Christ has ever been the object of the most bitter persecution because it has usually been so much at variance with the prevailing beliefs of mankind. Hence the memorable saying of the Savior, "Blessed

are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; . . . for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you."

But to return to the main purpose of this communication. Mrs. Harriett J. Johnson, of Baltimore, a niece of President Buchanan, and the hostess of the White House during his administration, created by her will a fund now amounting to one hundred thousand dollars for the erection, in the City of Washington, of a memorial to James Buchanan, the fifteenth president of the United States, said fund to be available until the 18th day of July, 1918; when, if not used it was to be returned to the legatees of the estate. A resolution providing for the use of this fund came up in the Senate on the 14th of June, last. The political life and character of James Buchanan was at that time discussed at length by the members of that distinguished body. Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, and other distinguished senators, accused Buchanan of filling his cabinet with secession sympathizers, some of whom later joined the Confederacy, and allowing them to send large consignments of arms and ammunition into the Southern States, and of purposely scattering the few loyal troops, then comprising the army into distant localities, so that they could not be made available when the then impending crisis came. The most distant point to which these troops were sent was Utah, and this expedition comprised the flower of the American army, at the time. Senator Lodge's speech, fortified as it is by quotations from the leading historians and statesmen of the times, is now interesting reading, especially in view of the tarnished name that came to Utah and the "Mormons," through the mal-administration of this man Buchanan.

The Senator clearly points out that if Buchanan was not a traitor to his country during the early stages preceding the great Civil War, at least he did the very things that a traitor would do under the circumstances. In his public utterance he claimed that no state had a right to secede from the Union, and at the same time held that the General Government had no right to prevent it, that to invade a state for the purpose, was a violation of state sovereignty, as no United States Army could legally enter the confines of a state without the consent of the state authorities.

Senator Knox, in reply, quoted President Lincoln as follows: "The marching of an army into South Carolina, without the consent of her people, and with hostile intent towards them, would be invasion; and it would be coercion if South Carolina were forced to submit."

Still Buchanan did this very thing in sending the army in-

to the territory of Utah. Brigham Young's stand, therefore, in forbidding it from crossing the territorial boundary was fully justified from the standpoint of these two men, unless, indeed, it be the accepted doctrine that the people of a Territory have no rights that the general Government is bound to respect.

The chief topic of Buchanan's inaugural address was the decision of the United States in the *Dread Scott Case*, and its far reaching effects, claiming that it virtually settled the slave question, declaring the institution a national one, and that "the black man had no rights which the white man was bound to respect."

The Dread Scott Decision certainly did make the fugitive slave law the law of the land, and doubtless it would have so continued until the constitution should be amended, had not the overt act of South Carolina in firing upon the flag at Fort Sumter, placed it in open rebellion, and at war with the United States. Senator Lodge and those who took sides with him, claimed that this might have been averted had Buchanan taken the stand that Andrew Jackson did a few years before. Upon this point Senator Lodge said:

The great crisis came to him, the greatest crisis that any American President had ever met. There was no room to doubt; he had before him the example of his own chosen leader; he had nothing to do but to follow in his footsteps; it was not a question of coercing a state; it was not a question of secession; it was the question whether he would be true to the oath he had sworn to the American people to enforce the laws of the United States. That was the whole question. It mattered not whether the south was right or wrong or whether the north was right or wrong, or who was to blame; there was one man in this country who had but one duty to perform and that was the duty of the President of the United States. However others might differ, he had but one duty—to sustain the Government and enforce the laws as he had sworn to do. He shrank away; he made the great refusal and allowed us to drift hopelessly on the rocks. * * *

I do not say that if he had done his duty as Jackson did, he could have averted the Civil War; probably that awful convulsion was inevitable; but he at least could have vindicated the right and the honor of the Government with which he was charged. Instead of turning the Government over to his successor, a penniless wreck, he could at least have turned it over in a strong condition, with a strong policy already mapped out, and in such a way as to have united every force behind it. He failed to do this. The shadow of disloyalty rested upon Buchanan at the time and it has rested upon him ever since.*

The resolution was finally passed by a small majority.
Brigham City, Utah.

*For discussion see *Congressional Record*, June 14, and 17, 1918, numbers 155, 157, Vol. 56, pp. 8430, 8571-2.

Intelligence the Emancipator of Mankind

By F. S. Harris, Ph. D., Director Experiment Station, Utah Agricultural College

A man who knew practically nothing about his machine was driving his family across the continent in a fine new automobile. He had learned how to feed gasoline and turn the steering wheel. He also knew enough to keep the radiator filled with water and to tell when gasoline and oil needed replenishing. He thought his knowledge of repairing was almost complete since he could change tires and had even put on a patch.

Of two roads crossing a desert, he happened to choose the rough one, which was seldom traveled. After bouncing over a particularly deep rut, the engine suddenly stopped and could not be persuaded to go. Examination of water, gasoline, and oil showed an ample supply. Everything looked all right, but not a sign of an explosion could be had. Dozens of bolts and nuts were turned and then turned back, always with the same result; the thing simply would not move. Each member of the family having exhausted all his ideas, there seemed to be nothing to do but wait. To walk back was impossible since on foot two or three days would have been required to reach help. The country ahead was too uncertain to risk walking in that direction. It was therefore decided to remain in the road till someone came along.

The waiting over night surrounded by howling coyotes, the gradual exhaustion of the supply of drinking water, and the prospect of a second night and possibly an indefinite number of nights in the same place made things look serious. The stories of bleached bones being found on the desert came vividly to mind. If only the automobile could be made to go! Why had they started on so perilous a journey without knowing every detail of the machine? These and numerous other questions and exclamations were voiced in their despair.

At last they saw the long-looked-for dust in the distance. An automobile was coming. If their own machine could not be made to go, at least water could be had to drink and they could be carried away from death in the desert. These thoughts made them almost hysterical with joy as the automobile drove up and the driver asked if he could be of assistance. When told the story of the obstinate machine he said, "We'll get it to going or know the reason why." "I hope so," replied the owner, "for I

have neither been able to make it go nor find the reason why."

After a hasty examination the new arrival said that the connection between the magneto and the spark plug had jarred loose and there was no spark. The owner did not know just what that meant, but concluded the explanation must be right since the engine started off perfectly as soon as the contact was made. He felt much chagrined at his own ignorance. He and his family had been face to face with a terrible death just because he did not know enough to connect a wire and turn a screw.

The world is full of just such conditions. Many of the best things in life are missed because we do not know enough to take advantage of them. If we had a knowledge of all the laws of the universe, we could make of earth a pretty good heaven. We should be able to overcome most of the limitations we feel every day in all we do.

Any people that overcomes most rapidly the limitations due to ignorance will be the people that will lead the rest of the world. In doing this, they must become intelligent not only in the physical but also in the intellectual and spiritual. This intelligence is obtained not alone in schools but also in the field of experience. Many of the most intelligent and best educated persons have been denied the privilege of a college education.

The Latter-day Saints have, since the organization of the Church, recognized the need of educating themselves. Wherever the "Mormon" pioneer has gone into new regions he has built schoolhouses and started schools almost before providing shelter for his family. To allow his children to grow up in ignorance was a condition of which he did not allow himself to think. He could do without fine clothes, he could confine his diet to corn bread and molasses, he could deny himself all of the luxuries; but he would not rear ignorant children.

The teachings of the Prophet Joseph, that it is impossible to be saved in ignorance, and that a person is saved no faster than he gains intelligence, placed the entire matter beyond the mere practical value of an education for every-day convenience, and made it a religious principle.

At the very foundation of "Mormon" philosophy is the idea that the end of living is progression. The purpose for coming to the earth is to receive experience that will be of value throughout eternity. What greater failure could a person make in life than to leave it without having added to his intelligence; what greater success than to increase his intelligence to the fullest extent?

This point of view makes evident the impossibility of remaining a good Latter-day Saint without progression. Ignorance is therefore one of the greatest of all sins; it is a sin for which

there is not the slightest excuse in this day of opportunity. To become intelligent does not require wealth; nor is it necessary to live in any particular place or to be engaged in any special occupation. A college is not a necessity although it may be a great help. The one primary requirement is desire. Without this no amount of wealth or opportunity will dispel ignorance. Proper ambition coupled with reasonable diligence will enable any young person to train himself for the best there is in life.

The war has brought home to many young men, who had previously been without ambition, the importance of training their minds and their hands. In the great struggle where hundreds of thousands of men were competing side by side it was not difficult to see the advantage of intelligence. Advancement, honor, and success were within the reach of the man who *knew* and could *do*, whereas his untrained, unskilled, and ignorant companion was forced to remain little more than a beast of burden. Too many lives were at stake to risk the leadership of any but the most capable. Many young men who entered the army without ambition have learned the importance of becoming trained. They realize that leadership in any line depends on superior ability, which usually follows preparation.

The Latter-day Saints are ambitious to lead the world in all that is worthy and good. They are not satisfied to be second in any progressive measure that will help in the betterment of mankind. Their mission is to bring to all people a more exalted ideal of the purposes of existence and to help even the most lowly to attain the high station that is possible to be reached in an eternity of continuous progression.

They realize that it is through intelligence that man is to be emancipated from the degradation of sin, from the slavery of industrial dependence, and from the snobbishness of class prejudice. In order to banish these evils from the earth, they are pledged by the fundamental principles of their religion to devote a large measure of their energies through precept and example to the substitution of intelligence for ignorance throughout the world.

The Prophet Isaiah describing his vision of these last days said: "And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it. And many people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob: and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths: for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem."

If the young Latter-day Saints are to help in the teaching of all nations they must actively prepare for leadership. They

cannot sit idly down and be mere victims of circumstance. They must take for their slogan the Mutual Improvement motto: "The glory of God is intelligence," and make a business of seeing that not one young man or one young woman is allowed to grow up in ignorance, but that all are emancipated by intelligence.

Logan, Utah

UNION WARD CHAPEL

This picture shows the cozy and homelike surroundings provided by the good people of Union Ward, Jordan stake, for their house of worship.

Since early days, the old "Cow Trail" leading from the pasture lands to the old "Union Fort" passed through these grounds. Many are the speakers whose sermons have been disturbed by the jingle of the cow bells as the animals passed over where the lawns, flowers and cement walks are now located. When the people undertook to re-arrange affairs on the grounds, the brethren of the ward turned out and laid the cement walks, the good sisters of the Relief Society furnishing a first class dinner. For the



Union Ward Chapel

care of the lawns and the growing of the flowers, which border all the walks and fill the windows in the chapel, much praise is due to the care-taker, Elder Charles Denney, who may be seen stooping at the front in the foreground of the photo. During the past season, many compliments were given Brother Denney from far and near on the splendid appearance of the grounds. The unanimous sentiment of the Saints is that the surroundings created entirely a different feeling, making the old chapel much more inviting. Bishop Heber J. Burgon, in giving this information to the *Era*, closes with the wish that every chapel and its grounds in all the wards of the Latter-day Saints might have as good a care-taker as Brother Charles Denney.

"Their Name Liveth Forevermore"

Remarks at the Bier of a Student-Soldier

By Prof. J. H. Paul, University of Utah

Friends and Fellow Citizens: Sent here at the request of the authorities of the University, to express to the bereaved parents something of their appreciation and sorrow, when lives like this are laid down in the service of the nation and of humanity, I would lay also my own simple tribute of esteem upon the altar of the dead student's memory.

Rather frequently of late, when called upon for remarks on issues growing out of the great war, I have been saying: "Let every American mother give her son to God and to this sacred duty. In life and death we are in God's hands. It is his divine will that men and nations shall be free, and it is part of our duty as a nation to aid in freeing them. This duty will cost the lives of some of our sons; and if it be your son or mine, let us remember that in the deep of the Eternal heart is the law of sacrifice. It seems that God himself could not lay the foundation for the salvation and eternal progress of mankind, except by the sacrifice of his beloved son. Great shall therefore be the honor and eternal the reward of those who follow the divine example of laying down life in order that life may be saved and ennobled."

I cannot conceal an overwhelming sense of disappointment in this young man's departure. Though his country has required this sacrifice, we would have kept him here; for I feel that he was the idol of his home, the hope of an entire household and of many other friends. Their inmost thoughts are spoken by the poet who says:

"We never thought that it could be,
In those old days of hope and bliss,
That life could darken like the sea,
And love be wrecked like this."

This is why we cannot be fully reconciled to this death. We admit that God knows best, and that his thoughts are not as ours are. We may not question, and dare not rail at, the divine law of sacrifice—that in order to save life or to exalt mankind, we must lay down life; and as for separation, the Apostle has assured us that "to be with Christ is far better." Yet, only a few weeks

ago, as he left his home at the call of his country, with a smile on his lips and joy in his eyes,—

“Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave and grand;
Somebody’s kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand;
Somebody was watching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart,
Now lies he there with his clear eyes dim,
And the smiling, fearless lips apart.”

This is the chief reason why we find it so difficult to face the decree of heaven, and to accept without complaint the will of Him who doeth all things well.

Yet these painful realities should not be permitted to blind our vision to the momentous fact that this young man has now become of immortal memory. The fortunate circumstance and time of his death—that he went hence while in the service of the nation, and, as I truly believe, in the service of heaven itself—has made of him one of the immortals of this wonderful day. He pledged, at the call of humanity, his efforts, his honor, and his life. He has laid down his life for his friends; and “greater love than this hath no man.” He is today lost to his people, but is won by our nation to the honor roll of its sons who have deserved well of humanity. His quiet tomb, here amid his native hills, will enshroud and protect his earthly remains; but the whole earth, Pericles has said, is the sepulchre of those who die in the cause of men. Commemorated by columns and inscriptions in their own country, there dwells in other lands also, “an unwritten memorial of them, engraven not in stone, but in the hearts of men.” He bids us make them our examples; and if we esteem courage to be freedom and freedom to be happiness, we shall “not weigh too nicely the perils of war.” To this distinction, I repeat, have our soldier dead attained. The fame of all who have given their lives in this cause is nation-wide and world-wide. Their record shall be kept forever henceforward in the grateful remembrance of mankind. They are from this day sons of the nation, because they are heroes of the world-wide peace, which they died to establish. This young man is exclusively your son no longer. He is a hero of the eternal world. His name is enrolled in the book of everlasting time—a faithful soldier of the cross, a true son of America, a servant of the Most High. Therefore I could almost bid you dry your tears and rejoice; for on this proud though fateful day, he has brought a worthy eminence to his parents, his family, and his friends. To the British poet Kipling, it seemed that no single phrase could be better for engraving on the great memorial stone which is to be erected in each of the cemeteries for British soldiers who

have fallen in the war than that which closes the tribute to the famous men in Ecclesiastes—"Their name liveth forevermore." This sentence of praise and honor, simple and well known, comprehensible in every tongue, and standing outside the flux of men and things, we well may believe will perpetuate their fame till time shall be no more. Until the dawn of that happier morn, when our human sky shall be gathered, "like a scroll within its tomb, unread forever," and until the day-star of promise shall dissipate the clouds that now obscure our vision, let us cheerfully say, "Good-night, Dear Son, and pleasant dreams!" Not as Scott said of his dead chieftain:

Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and forever.

Nor even as Boker said of a hero of the Civil War:

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.

No; not forever; the fine spirit whose companionship you have enjoyed so long is not dead, nor is he asleep, nor far away; he is safe in his Father's home and is going on to perfection.

We cannot think all love and hope
Forevermore abide
In the quiet grave they made for him
There on the great hillside;
Nor can we deem the world less fair
Because that he hath died.

For now some sweeter element
Pervades the realm of space;
A brighter glow is on the flowers,
The sunshine hath new grace;
And a fairer glory haunts the dawn,
Like that smile upon his face.

O love and hope that cannot tire
Through all the years to be!
O faith that shines, a crystal star
Above the great, white sea!
Somewhere, in God's infinitude,
This son awaits for thee.

May the coming years deal gently with you and yours, and the knowledge that the world reaps a benefit from the sacrifice of your son be a consolation to your lives "from this time henceforth and even forevermore."

Died in Service

Sergt. Guy J. Jurgensen, Salt Lake City, was killed in action, October 7, 1918. He was 27 years old, and a son of Mrs. Mary C. Jurgensen.

Lieut. Oscar Pierce, Malto, Idaho, was killed in action, in France, according to word received at Burley, Idaho, November 21, 1918.

John K. Traggastis, brother of Thomas Traggastis, a grocer at Bingham, Utah, was killed in action in France, October 14. No further particulars are given.

Wilford Anderson, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Anderson, of Logan, Utah, died of wounds in France, October 28. He was 23 years old, unmarried and entered the army on the first draft call.

George W. Carlile, son of Mr. and Mrs. George R. Carlile, of Heber City, Utah, was killed in action, November 2, 1918. He received his military training at Camp Lewis, and arrived in France early in September, 1918.

Prvt. Nelden F. Worley, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Worley, of Wellington, Utah, died in France, according to word received by relatives, November 22, 1918. He entered the service, May, 1918, and went over-seas in July.

Clarence Anderson, of Aurora, Utah, son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Anderson, died of pneumonia at Camp Lewis according to word received by his parents, November 27, 1918. His body was brought home for burial.

Orin M. Allen, Logan, Utah, was killed in action, September 27, 1918, in France. He was 26 years old, a member of Co. M. 362nd Infantry, trained at Camp Lewis. He is survived by his widow, his mother, and several brothers and sisters.

Leonard Peterson, son of Mrs. Elizabeth Peterson, of Salt Lake City, was killed in action, September 29, 1918. He was a member of the 362nd Infantry, was trained at Camp Lewis, and is survived by his mother and several brothers and sisters.

Ernest Rudy Rosell, son of Mrs. C. J. Rosell, Salt Lake City, was reported to have been killed in action, October 20. He was 28 years of age, was drafted in April, 1918, and sent to Camp Lewis, entering the Engineer corps and arriving in France, June, 1918.

Faunt LeRoy Forsgren, son of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Forsgren, Brigham City, Utah, died in France of pneumonia, October 13. He entered service, April, 1918, was sent to Camp Lewis for training, was attached to the 316th ammunition supply train and later sent to France.

Ira Brown, son of Byron W. Brown, Jr., of Lehi, Utah, died at Fort Douglas, December 14, 1918, of influenza-pneumonia. He was 21 years old and a member of University of Utah S. A. T. C. His wife, one child, his father, and a number of brothers and sisters survive him.

Leo Jensen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Annie C. Jensen, Richfield, Utah, was killed in action, October 2, 1918. He went to Camp Lewis last April, arriving in France, July 24. He was attached to a machine gun battalion and saw service in the American drive north-west of Verdun.

Angus Pugmire, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Pugmire, Pocatello, Idaho, 28 years of age, was killed in action in France, September 13, 1918. He volunteered and was sent over-seas from Camp Lewis. He was a descendant of the late Lorenzo D. Young, a prominent Utah Pioneer.

Darrell A. Anderson, member of the University of Utah S. A. T. C., died of influenza at the Fort Douglas hospital, December 7, 1918. He was 20 years old, son of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Anderson, of American Fork, Utah. He is survived by his parents, two brothers and one sister.

James Cuff, Salt Lake City, was killed in action according to word received in Salt Lake, December 14, 1918. He was formerly an employe of the Utah Oil Refining Company. He entered the army, May, 1918, and had been in France several months. He leaves a widow and one child.

Roy Irl Austin, formerly of Liberty, Idaho, son of E. N. Austin, of Salt Lake City, died of wounds received in action according to word received by his father, November 22. He was 26 years old, was born at Liberty, Idaho, where he owned a ranch, and entered the army, June, 1918.

Raymond P. Johnson, son of J. P. and Anna O. Johnson, Salt Lake City was killed in action, November 11, 1918. He was a member of Company C, 361st Infantry; a carpenter by trade, 32 years old, left Salt Lake City for Camp Lewis, Easter, 1918, sailed for France, July 4, arriving in England, July 14.

Lieut. Ernest Horatio Ellerman, son of Horatio Ellerman, of Salt Lake City, a member of the Australian Forces in France, was killed in action, October 3, 1918. He was wounded, May 19, and on recovery was given a military cross for conspicuous gallantry. He was killed in the battle of St. Quentin.

Russell Ingersoll, youngest son of the late Mary J. Ingersoll and David Ingersoll, of American Fork, and a member of the S. A. T. C., at the University of Utah, died at Fort Douglas hospital, December 7, 1918, of influenza-pneumonia. He was born Feb. 8, 1898, and entered the training school November 18.

Corp. John Leonard Hepworth, of Blackfoot, Idaho, was killed in action in France, according to a message received from the war department, at Washington, November 24. He was trained at Camp Lewis, was a member of the ninety-first division and had been in active service since his arrival in France.

Clarence Mann Argyle, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Argyle, Salt Lake City, died of pneumonia, October 15, in a hospital in France. On December 8, 1917, he enlisted in the quarter-master corps, and left for Camp Johnston, Fla., some days later, arriving in France, August 29, 1918. He was 22 years old.

Wm. Raymond Platt, 25 years of age, member of the 93rd spruce squadron, a resident of Salt Lake City prior to his enlistment as a timberman, June 17, 1918, died near Yaquina, Oregon, December 7, 1918. He is survived by his wife and infant son, his parents, two sisters and four brothers. His body was brought to Salt Lake for interment.

Albert E. Schneider, born in Switzerland, 29 years ago, came to America when 13 years of age; entered the army, 1917, received his military training at Camp Lewis; was a member of the 39th Infantry, and was killed in action, October 14, 1918. He is survived by his parents, in Switzerland, and a brother and sister in Utah.

James L. Altop, son of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Altop, Redlodge, Montana, was born in Kansas City, May 8, 1889, and died of disease, in France, according to word received by his aunt, Mrs. Henry B. Good, of Tooele, in November, 1918. He was a member of the army aviation service; he is survived by his parents, two sisters and two brothers.

Niels Oliver Jensen, Centerfield, Utah, died at Fort Douglas, of influenza-pneumonia, December 7, 1918. He was a member of the marine corps which was to leave December 8. He left home November 25, and arrived in Salt Lake City, December 5. He was the son of Hans C. Jensen, born March 29, 1900. His body was returned to Centerfield for burial.

Aruthur E. Crawford, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Crawford, of Pocatello, Idaho, died in a base hospital in France, October 21, 1918, of pneumonia. He was a cook in the 146th Field Artillery. He enlisted two years ago at Couer de Alene, Idaho, and had not seen active fighting, though he had been in France for a year, and had been engaged in several capacities.

Corp. Harry F. Parker, member of the 362nd Infantry, F. Co., ninety-first division, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Parker, of Bennion, Utah, was killed in action, September 27. He enlisted September 19, 1917, in Salt Lake City, went to Camp Lewis for training, and arrived in France, July, 1918. He is survived by his parents, three brothers and four sisters.

Melvin B. McMillan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Neil McMillan, of Murray, Utah, was killed in action, September 27, 1918, in France. He entered service, September 19, 1917, received his training at Camp Lewis, was with the 362nd Infantry in France where he arrived, July 5, 1918, and took part in many important engagements at the front. He was 24 years old.

Russel J. West, died at Camp Warden, Washington, of pneumonia. Funeral services were held at Pleasant Grove, November 15, 1918. His body was laid in the new military plot recently set apart for men who may give their lives in defense of their country. A suitable monument will eventually be erected by the citizens of Pleasant Grove to mark their resting place.

Serg. Clayton Grisswald, died in France of pneumonia, according to information received in Ogden, November 15, 1918. He enlisted, June, 1917, and was a sergeant at the office of the quarter-masters headquarters base, section No. 2, A. E. F. He had been a bank cashier, and also connected with the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Co. at Ogden, for a number of years.

Sterling Russell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Russell, Grafton, Washington country, Utah, was killed in action, in France, November 7, 1918. He entered the army, May, 1918, went to Camp Lewis in June, was transferred to Camp Kearny, thence to France. He was graduated from the St. George Stake Academy, and the Dixie Normal school. His parents, wife, and young child survive him.

Raymond H. Foster, oldest son of the late Henry Foster and Emily C. Forbes Foster, of American Fork, Utah, died Monday, December 9, at the Fort Douglas hospital. He was a member of the S. A. T. C. He was born, September 8, 1898, at Manassa, Colo., moving with his parents to Vernal, Utah, and later to American Fork. His mother, four brothers and three sisters survive him.

Frank R. Maze, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Maze, of Fallbrook, California, who came to Salt Lake City some eighteen months ago, died in Salt Lake City at the home of his wife's parents. Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Alkire, December 23, 1918. He was a member of the S. A. T. C., University of Utah. His wife died from influenza December 12. Mr. Maze was born February 18, 1898.

Fletcher D. DeFord, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. DeFord, Salt Lake City, Utah, died in November, 1918, of bronchial pneumonia, in France. He was 25 years of age, enlisted in the army, May 15, 1918, was given special training in radio work at Boulder, Colorado, before being sent over-seas. Prior to enlisting, he was a brakeman on the Salt Lake route. He was a member of E. Battery 347th Field Artillery.

Serg. Edward L. Lister, son of Mrs. C. E. Russel, Tooele, attached to B. Co., 347th machine gun battalion, died November 5, from wounds received in action. He was drafted in September, 1917, from Montpelier, Idaho, was trained at Camp Lewis, left for France in July. He was 21 years old, born at Glassgow, Kentucky, and leaves his mother and two sisters, and one brother, Frank, who is in the navy.

Wilford Wells, son of John T. Wells, Salt Lake City, was killed in action in France, October 4, 1918, he was 25 years old, received his military training at Camp Lewis, Camp Kearny, and Camp Mills, and sailed for France, August 1, 1918. He is survived by his father, five brothers, one of whom is in the service, and three sisters. He went to Camp Lewis with the draft contingent from Blackfoot, Idaho, June, 1918.

Corp. Raymond O. Williams, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams, of Provo, Utah, was killed in France, September 29. Corp. Williams was born at Tooele, and was 24 years old. He left in September, 1917, with a contingent from Tooele for training at Camp Lewis. He was a member of H Company, 362nd Infantry, 91st division, and left for over-seas in July last. Besides his parents, he leaves four sisters and one brother.

Privt. Harry Nones, Salt Lake City, died in France, October 12, 1918, of wounds received in action. He was 24 years of age, enlisted with the training detachment at the University of Utah, as an auto mechanic, June 15, 1918, was transferred to the 127th Field Artillery, Headquarters Company, at Fort Sill, August 13, 1918, left there September 16 for Camp Upton and on September 24, embarked for France. He leaves his widow, Mrs. Goldie Jensen Nones, and his parents.

W. W. Woodland, son of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Woodland, Willard, Utah, was killed in action in France, October 16, 1918. He was born in Arimo, Idaho, June 1, 1893, entered the service, June, 1918, at Pocatello, was sent to Camp Lewis, thence to Camp Kearny, thence over seas with the 145th Field Artillery, being assigned, shortly after arriving at the battle front, to another division, was in the thick of the fighting soon after. He is survived by his parents, six brothers and four sisters.

Roy Gowers, Nephi, Utah, was fatally wounded in France, October 5, 1918. He was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred J. Gowers, Nephi, Utah; was born, February 26, 1892; was a graduate of the high school and the Utah Agricultural College; called into service, September 3, 1917, left for Camp Lewis, September 7, 1917, and went over-seas July 7, 1918. He is survived by his parents, seven brothers and one sister. Two of his brothers are in the service. He was unmarried.

Albert Henzler Smith, son of Laura Leigh, Clayton, Custer county, Idaho, was killed in action, November 2, 1918. He was born in Challis, Idaho, June 26, 1890, finished public school in Clayton, graduated from the Boise high school, 1910, was an expert mechanic and machinist, left for Camp Lewis, April 30, 1918, was sent to Camp Merritt, New Jersey, with K Company, 361st Infantry, in June, and left for France in July, 1918. His mother, step-father, one sister and two brothers survive him.

Privt. Albert L. Ralph, member of the 347th machine gun corps, ninety-first division, was killed in action, September 29, 1918, in France. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ephraim Ralph, of Rockland, Idaho, was in the first contingent to leave for Camp Lewis, and left in June, 1918, for service over-seas. He was born in Brigham City, Utah, 24 years ago, lived a number of years in Ogden, attended the Utah Agricultural College, at Logan, from which institution he was drafted into the service.

Privt. Lawrence E. Larson, died of wounds received in action at the front on October 6, having been severely wounded September 30, 1918. He was born in Fairview, Utah, October 30, 1894. When called into service, was living at Clearcreek, Utah; went to Camp Lewis, April 27, 1918. After two months training there, went to Camp Merritt, and from there directly overseas arriving in France in the latter part of July, 1918. He was a member of Company A., 361st Infantry, of the Famous 91st division.

George Howland Croft, son of the late W. H. Croft, Centerville, Utah, died in France, November 21, 1918, from wounds received in action. He was 23 years old, left home September 19, 1917, for Camp Lewis, was transferred

to Camp Greene, N. C., and went over seas, May, 1918, with a machine gun company, 59th Infantry. He was well known in intermountain athletics, having been two terms with the Idaho basket ball team, and two years with the Tooele high school team. Two brothers and two sisters survive him.

Prvt. Charles L. White, Jr., of Kanesville, Utah, was wounded in the battle of Chateau Thierry, died in France, July 20, 1918, from wounds received in action. Word only reached his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. White, after six months of anxious waiting, January 7, 1919. *Prvt* White was 23 years of age, and left with one of the first contingents from Weber county for Camp Lewis, October 17, 1917. His last letter was dated July 11, 1918.

Wm. Laurens Rook, was killed in action in France, in October, according to messages received in Salt Lake, December 10. He was born in Brooklyn, New York, 24 years ago. He attended the Denver, Colo., schools and Agricultural college, later came to Salt Lake City, working for the Studebaker Company for a number of years. He entered the army in California, left with the National army contingent in June, was trained at Camp Kearny, and sailed for France with E Company, 159th Infantry, in August.

Chas. M. Mills, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Mills, of Evanston, Wyoming, died of pneumonia, in France, October 9, 1918. He was born in Evanston, November 6, 1894, graduated from the Evanston high school, 1912, and also from the Brigham Young University, of Provo, and was deputy county treasurer of Wyoming when called into the army, July, 1918. He was married to Miss Ida Thomas, in the Salt Lake Temple, June 13, 1917. He is survived by his widow, parents, and several brothers and sisters.

Corp. Sheldon A. Axelson, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Axelson, Elmo, Emery county, Utah, was killed in action in France, October 4, 1918. He was 22 years of age, went into the army, September 6, 1917, trained at Camp Lewis, went over-seas in May, and was first in action in July, 1918; a member of Co. B. 59th Infantry. He was almost continuously under fire, but never suffered a wound until the fatal one. He is survived by his parents, one brother and three sisters. He was educated in public schools, and in the Emery Stake Academy.

George E. Anderson, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Anderson, Lake Shore, Utah, died of wounds, October 17, having been wounded the day previous, according to word received from France. He was 30 years of age, left Spanish Fork in the draft contingent, June 24, 1918, went to Camp Lewis, later to Camp Kearny, and thence to France in August. He was a member of Company A, 158th Infantry, and on arrival in France was transferred to A. Company 306th Infantry. His parents, four brothers, and six sisters survive him.

Capt. Charles E. De Lario, 360th Infantry, was killed in action on the Verdun front, November 2, 1918. He was born in Laramie, Wyoming, 33 years ago. His company, comprising largely Texas and Oklahoma boys, went into action, August 10, and continued until the armistice was signed. *Capt.* De Lario was practicing medicine in Cleburne, Texas, and was among the first American volunteers to reach France. He was a nephew of Judge W. H. Bramel, and was well known to a number of Salt Lake people, having played foot-ball here several times with the Wyoming teams.

Rufus Bolton, son of Chas S. and Prescilla Bolton, of Winder ward, Utah, Cottonwood stake, died at Base Hospital No. 53 A. E. F., France September 22, 1918, of pneumonia, after prolonged exposure before and during the successful St. Mihiel drive. He was born in Winder ward, April 13, 1890, left for Camp Lewis, October 3, 1917, thence for Camp Kearny, and for Camp Merritt, in June, 1918; and in July went over-seas to France. At Kearny he was with the 143rd F. A., and later was transferred

to the 6th F. A. He was the grandson of Curtis E. Bolton, who was with John Taylor as a missionary in France in the early days of the Church, and assisted in the translation of the Book of Mormon into the French language. Rufus was a student of the L. D. S. High School, graduating in 1915; a chorister of Winder ward for two years, and also a member of the Stake Sunday School Board for some time. He is survived by his mother, three brothers and three sisters.

William C. Wanner, son of Mr. and Mrs. John G. Wanner, formerly of Whitney, Idaho, but now of Preston, Idaho, died in France, December 1, 1918. He was born November 9, 1899, enlisted in the National Guard, troop H. at Logan. April 9, 1917, and was later changed to the 145th Field Artillery. He left Salt Lake City, January 2, 1918, for Camp Kearny, and in August, 1918, left Kearny to go over seas. His brother, Golden Wanner, died November 26, 1918, at St. Marks Hospital, Salt Lake City, of Spanish influenza, according to information in the *Franklin County Citizen*, December 26, 1918.

Private Gilbert Yardley, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Yardley, Beaver, Utah, died of pneumonia, somewhere in France, according to word received by his parents, December 16, 1918. He was born in Beaver, about 30 years ago, returning in 1912 from a two years' mission in the Eastern States, was drafted in November, 1917, went to American Lake, thence to Long Island, New York, and over seas December 11, 1917, landing in England, Christmas day. His service threw him into the front of the battle in the thickest of the fighting, his work being to rescue the wounded. Surviving him are father, mother, four brothers and two sisters.

Lieut. Ellis L. Weeter, 23 years old, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Weeter, Salt Lake City, died at a New York hospital where he was invalided in the latter part of October, 1918, he having been gassed some six months after he began his work in France. He was treated at a number of military hospitals in Europe, in which he failed to improve; it was then decided to send him to New York. He was the first soldier ordered to the reconstruction hospital at Fort Douglas, but his condition precluded his being moved. His parents were with him when he died. Lieut. Weeter received his training at Camp Lewis. He was a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, and his brother Lloyd was in France as a member of the Yale Ambulance corps.

Sergeant Roy Keith, who met accidental death in New Orleans, July 8, was buried in Lehi, Utah, July 15. He was born in Missouri June 10, 1893; enlisted in his native state for service on the Mexican border with his brother Harry; came with the 20th Infantry to Fort Douglas, and was married to Miss Mary Evans, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hyrum Evans of Lehi, in August, 1917. In May, 1918, he was transferred to the 43rd Infantry and sent to Arkansas and later to New Orleans. His company was on the way to Fort Logan, Texas, when he accidentally fell from the back end of a flat car and was killed. Besides his widow in Lehi, three brothers and four sisters, in Missouri survive him.

Ross W. Spencer, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Spencer of Highland Drive died at Camp Kearny, California, July 19, 1918, from injuries suffered when he was thrown beneath a heavy truck. He was a member of the 145th Field Artillery. His body was brought home from Camp Kearny and his funeral services were held at Winder ward, Tuesday, July 23. Governor Simon Bamberger spoke feelingly of the nobility of the young man's character, and paid a high tribute to him as a soldier. Other eulogies were pronounced by Bishop Cornwall and Lieutenant Chaplain B. H. Roberts who made the opening and closing prayers, also dedicating the grave in the Wasatch Lawn Cemetery. As the body was lowered into the grave, taps were sounded by the soldiers.

The Strange Case of Robert Kenyon

By Charles F. Steele

Robert Kenyon sat in the comfortable depths of a leather chair. A cheery fire blazed in the grate. He was alone in the library reading the evening paper. Outdoors a December snow was falling, but the winter cold did not penetrate the comfortable Kenyon home. Neither did the hungry cries of the poor, although their dingy dwellings were not far away.

Robert Kenyon was a successful man—in the eyes of the world. He was a broker, and had mastered the “game” in years of experience on the exchange. The world said he was wealthy. His friends said he was a man of big business. His physician said the strain was injuring his heart, advising a rest in Florida or southern California.

At this Robert Kenyon only laughed. He was of that class of men who scorn the faintest allusion to physical decline. A rest—bah! Then he had a wife and family. They had to be provided for, and the times were critical, and the money market was tightening—O, there were a hundred reasons why the doctor’s counsel was passed by.

He had never been much of a churchman. He gave religion no thought. He accepted as true the existence of God, also some sort of a life beyond the grave. Although he had been baptized a member of the Church, he had never been active in its work. Robert Kenyon might be called, like thousands of other American business men, a religious nondescript. He looked upon the Church as a necessary fixture of society, but it meant little more to him. Occasionally he donated to the Church funds, thus managing to keep his name on the records. It must be said to his credit, that he always encouraged his wife and daughters to attend divine service on the Sabbath, providing a handsome limousine for the purpose.

Such a man was Robert Kenyon, hard in business, clean in his morals, kind in his family life. And so we find him this Saturday night enjoying a few hours of relaxation, after a strenuous week of business.

Through the half-open library door floated the airy strains of an operatic ballad, blending softly with violin and piano accompaniment. The music came from the parlor where his two daughters were entertaining their set for the evening. His son, Robert, Jr., home from college for Christmas holidays, was also

in the happy party. The only son was just then engaged in the very serious business of making love to the daughter of a prominent banker of a near-by city. He had received the cue from his far-sighted father, whose business instincts led him to invade even the sacred domain of Cupid.

On the mantel in the library a clock ticked off the seconds, minutes, hours. Outside the snow was still falling. A north wind had sprung up, presaging a blizzard before morning. The music and laughter in the parlor at length ceased. The farewells were said. The motor cars honked hoarsely. Doors slammed. Lights went out. Then silence fell over the Kenyon mansion.

Twelve o'clock—midnight! The clock on the mantel is still ticking off the endless measures of time. The fire has died out. The electric light still burns, its white glow falling over a figure in a leather chair.

It is the figure of Robert Kenyon. The evening paper is lying crumpled at his feet. His massive, iron-gray head is lunged forward on his breast. His two white hands are clutching the arms of the chair. How silent he is! How strangely silent the room—and cold. The library is as ghastly in its nocturnal shadows as a chamber of death.

Twelve-thirty. The library door opened. A woman, garbed in a loose dressing-gown entered. She peered inquisitively around the room. She approached the figure in the leather chair. The light revealed the anxious face of Mrs. Kenyon. She spoke. But there was no response. She shook the figure. But there was not so much as the movement of a nerve. She touched the white hand and snatched it back, a low cry of anguish freezing the midnight air. Robert Kenyon was dead.

His doctor had said his heart would fail him—and it did.

That morning the city was shocked at the news of Robert Kenyon's strange, sudden death. At the exchange men looked grave and much of the usual pandemonium was lacking. The newspapers published his picture and eulogized him in eloquent terms. His funeral was numerously attended. Banks of floral offerings covered the massive black casket. And he was interred in a marble tomb.

The family lawyer handled Robert Kenyon's estate. The creditors sent in their claims. The press stated that he had left no will. Finally, the estate was wound up, and the public was again shocked. There it was in pitiless black and white—at the time of his untimely death Robert Kenyon was on the verge of bankruptcy. Many creditors were still unpaid, necessitating the sale of the stately old Kenyon mansion.

And it was sold—by auction—to a stranger. Kenyon's old friends said it was hard to see his family lose their beautiful

home, but it was just another of the strange tricks of fate, and they were helpless to render any service. They had worries of their own, they argued. And so the bereaved family, humiliated and heart-broken, sought more lowly quarters.

Here our story ends. It has a message. Robert Kenyon appeared to the world to be a man of financial stability. He could "get by" as long as he lived. But death overtook him. And he was not prepared—to die. He was a financial and spiritual bankrupt. Death was the farthest thought from Robert Kenyon's mind that fateful December night. But death came and it found him—unprepared.

Chattanooga, Tenn.



E. L. WHITING, LE GRANDE, OREGON

Standing in his onion patch. He is very much interested in "work with boys," and set a good example on Small Acreage Project work, by tending a garden last year of about two and one-half acres, cultivating almost entirely with his hoe. He raised all kinds of small stuff, including over seven tons of carrots on one-fourth of an acre. In signing his report, he says: "From one of the kids, only 73 years old."

The New Member of the Council of Twelve

Elder Melvin Joseph Ballard was chosen and ordained an apostle and set apart as a member of the Council of the Twelve, by President Heber J. Grant, on Tuesday, January 7, 1919, at a meeting of the First Presidency and the Twelve in the temple, Salt Lake City.

Elder Ballard, was born in Logan, Utah, February 9, 1873. His father was the late Bishop Henry Ballard of the Second ward, of that city, who joined the Church in England, in 1849, and came to Utah in October, 1852, driving a flock of sheep across the plains for Eli B. Kelsey. He was one of the first permanent settlers in Cache valley, arriving on the 10th of May, 1859, and locating in Logan, on the 20th of July following. He became bishop of the Second ward, April 14, 1861, continuing in that position for thirty-nine years with undiminished zeal and exceptional faithfulness. He was honorably released on the 26th of April, 1900, and four days later was ordained a patriarch by Elder Marriner W. Merrill, of the Council of the Twelve. He died about ten years ago.

The good mother of Melvin Joseph Ballard, was Margaret McNeal, who was of Scotch descent.

Elder Ballard, in whom Scotch precision, and English tenacity, thus have been wonderfully blended, received his education in the district schools of Cache county, and in the Brigham Young College, from which latter institution he graduated, in 1894, becoming a member of the faculty of the college, during the two years following. He was early in life active as a deacon, being ordained to that office in the Priesthood, in 1884; on December 27, 1891, a priest; on February 5, 1895, an elder; and on the 6th of July, 1896, a seventy by the late President John Henry Smith.

Elder Ballard's first mission was performed in 1896, when he was called by President Wilford Woodruff, and accompanied Elders B. H. Roberts and George D. Pyper, on a short mission in the eastern United States.

He finished his mission in the Northern states, returning home in December, 1898. April 23, 1900, he was ordained a High Priest, by President Francis M. Lyman, and set apart as counselor to the bishop of the Logan Second ward, serving six years. In the spring of 1909, he was chosen a member of the



ELDER MELVIN J. BALLARD

Born, Logan, Utah, Feb. 9, 1873; ordained an apostle and set apart as a member of the Council of Twelve, Jan. 7, 1919.

high council of the Cache stake. Following this appointment, he was called on a short mission to the Northwest, accompanying Elder Joseph W. McMurrin to Boise valley, and assisting in the establishing of a branch of the Church, which later became a stake of Zion. On the 6th of April, 1909, he was called to preside over the Northwestern States Mission, succeeding the late Elder Nephi Pratt. This position, which has occupied nearly ten years of his life, he still held when called to the apostleship. He married Martha Jones, of Farmington, June, 1896. They have eight children, four boys and three girls, seven of them living. His oldest son is a lieutenant in the U. S. Army.

Counting his work in his ward as a youth, in the Brigham Young College, in the bishopric, and as chairman for seventeen years of the Logan tabernacle choir, with his missions to the east and northwest, he has been practically a laborer in the Church all his life, as was his father before him.

In his business career, he assisted in establishing the Logan knitting factory, serving for ten years as its manager; and also organized other enterprises in Logan, among them the Commercial Boosters Club, serving two terms as president of that organization.

He is a fluent and emotional speaker, one of the sweet singers of Zion, and a man who has succeeded in winning the love and respect of the Saints and citizens generally, especially in the great Northwest where he is best known.—*E. H. A.*

Pal o' Mine

Do you know the days are brighter,
Pal o' mine,
For the charm of having met with you?
Do you know my heart is lighter,
For the thought that you were true?

It's a long and weary way we've traveled,
Pal o' mine,
But we've reached the lonely parting in the road,
Where you pass on to God's white throne,
While I remain to tread the stony path alone.

In the battle's din, undaunted,
You were true to God's ideal.
Not another manly trait was wanted,
Pal o' mine,
To make your life a shining light to men.

And though you join the ranks of death,
Pal o' mine,
Yet it's not forgotten you will be;
But your name will live in glory
In the annals of the free.

Carden City, Utah

Ezra J. Poulsen

Perpetuity of the Church Assured

By Elder James E. Talmage, of the Council of the Twelve

The course of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has been ever onward. It is a notable fact that its members are imbued with the testimony of certitude as to the genuineness of the Gospel they have embraced and the perpetuity of the Church. This has been a distinguishing feature from the beginning.

Apostasy from the organization is so rare as to be negligible. Excommunicants, who are deprived of their standing through failure to live up to the high standard of morality and duty required by the revealed law of the Church, while not numerous exceed by many fold those who voluntarily withdraw and affiliate with other religious bodies.

The Church has never experienced a period of reduced membership. Always the present has been the time of its highest achievement. In spite of opposition, some of which sprang from misplaced sincerity and zeal, while much was born of ignorance and fanaticism, the strength of the institution, measured in terms of loyalty, devotion and unswerving adherence to the principles of the restored Gospel has steadily and constantly increased.

"Mormonism" is definite and incisive in its claims. It speaks to the world in no uncertain tone. Its voice is virile; its activities are strong. It presents an unbroken front and is unafraid. Its attitude is not hostile, though strongly aggressive. Its methods are those of reason and persuasion, coupled with a fearless affirmation of testimony as to the surpassing importance of its message, which message it labors to convey to every nation, kindred, tongue and people.

"Mormonism" lives because it is healthy, normal and undeformed. In general, a healthy organism is assured of life, barring destruction from external violence or deprivation of physical necessities; whereas one that is abnormal and sickly is doomed to decline. Opposition to the Church, the pitiless maltreatment to which its people have been subjected, particularly in the earlier decades of its history, comprising mobbings, drivings, spoliation, scourgings, and assassination, have operated

to strengthen the Church, body and soul. True, the heat of persecution has scorched and withered a few of the sickly plants, such as had no depth of sincerity; but the general effect has been to promote a fuller growth, and to make richer and more fertile the Garden of the Lord.

In its early days the Church received the word of the Lord avouching the permanency of the organization. While no individual was promised that he should not fall away, and though the forfeiture of the Holy Spirit's companionship was specified as the sure and incalculable loss to all who wilfully persisted in sin, the blessed assurance was given that the Church was established for the last time, never to be destroyed nor again driven from the earth through apostasy.

Men may come and men may go, but the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints shall go on forever.

There has never been revision nor amendment in the fundamental law of the Church, and the only changes are those natural to development, expansion and adaptation to new conditions.


The world is full of sects and churches, and there is scarcely one that has not a counterpart in the form of a revised or reformed or reorganized sect. *But the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is no sect; it is an original creation with the Lord, and when established upon the earth in this age it was a restoration.* There will never be a reformed or reorganized variant of this, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

The faith of the Latter-day Saints is no whit weakened because of their fewness. This very condition was foretold. Nearly six centuries before the Savior's birth, a Hebrew prophet on the Western Continent predicted the establishment of this Church in the last days, and testified of it, as he had seen in vision, that its members would be found in all parts of the earth, but that their numbers would be relatively small. See Book of Mormon, 1 Nephi 14.

"Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." (Matt. 7:14, also Book of Mormon, 3 Nephi 14:14).

The doors of the Church are open to all, rich and poor, learned and unlearned; and the pleading invitation to enter and become partakers of the blessings that pertain both to mortality and to the eternities beyond is freely extended—to you and yours and to everybody, near and afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call.

EDITORS' TABLE



The Return of the 145th Field Artillery

The boys of the 145th Field Artillery (1st Utah) arrived in Ogden, January 17, and at 1:30 p. m. of the same day, arrived at Logan for demobilization at the Utah Agricultural College. Thousands, both at Ogden and Logan, from all parts of the state, were present to greet them, and their reception was a splendid tribute from the people in every respect. Their welcome home is echoed from the lips of hundreds of thousands, and in which the *Era* joins.

When the boys were just ready to enter the fray in France, the armistice was signed. In a few more days they would have been in the thick of the fight. They were amply competent for the conflict. No other unit was better prepared than the 145th. The boys, too, were anxious to make good, and deeply disappointed, after all their preparation, that no opportunity was granted them. Many that had been transferred into other regiments from time to time, however, saw action on the front, and a number were killed. But all offered their lives, and were ready to sacrifice them for the liberty of the nations and the cause of righteousness. No more could be required. But they all did their full duty, and deserve every credit of heroes, and the best that the people can give. True, the returning men have not been privileged to brave the firing line, but loyally they have gone through what is quite as difficult—every hardship of the training camp in many months of incessant toil; endured the anxiety and uncertainty of crossing the waters infested with murderous German U-boats; withstood a scourge of pestilence; and they have intensely prepared in France, behind the lines, to take their part at call at the hottest battle front, ready for efficient action, awaiting only the word of command.

The men joined the regiment with good moral and health records—these were maintained throughout their service. On arrival at Ogden in the early morning of January 17, there was not a sick man among the 1,101 men and 44 officers in the troop, sickness throughout having been held at a minimum, according to Major Willard Christopherson of the medical department. While in Camp De Souge, France, they suffered, with nearly all other troops, from influenza, but out of 580 cases, only thirteen men were lost—the 145th holding and maintaining the lowest sick report in the entire 40th division.

The 145th left Utah, after several months' training at Fort Douglas, for Camp Kearny, October 10, 1917; left Camp Kearny, August 2, 1918, sailed from New York, August 16, landing in Liverpool September 2, whence they sailed for France, encamping in De Souge, Bordeaux. Here they underwent intensive training until early November. They left Bordeaux on their return to the United States on December 24, arrived at Camp Merritt, N. J., January 5, 1919, and after a week's stay, returned to Utah, January 17. The six batteries and their officers occupied three trains, with a total of 37 cars.

Their reception at Ogden was as glad as the boys were pleased to be home. It was a pleasure to hear their commendations and to know of the love and admiration the boys expressed and felt for General R. W. Young, Colonel Webb, Captain Foster, and others, and for Chaplain B. H. Roberts who lived, worked and endured with them, caring for their physical wants, and providing spiritual comfort besides.

Governor Bamberger and staff were present, and bade them welcome. Col. Webb said to the Governor's welcome: "Thank you, Governor, it is a pleasure to be back." He is also quoted as saying: "We are very glad to get back. Our regiment would have done anything they would have required of us. No more soldierly, all-round decent bunch of men were ever gotten together than the 145th field artillery. There hasn't been a thing required of them, it makes no difference how difficult the task was, that they didn't do it with all the vim that it was possible for men to put into it." Some thirty-four officers and men from the regiment were assigned to stay in France.

At Logan the returning troops were reviewed by the Governor and his staff. They paraded, and demonstrated with gas masks, being received by the populace with immense enthusiasm. Every convenience had been provided at the Agricultural College for the demobilization, and their quarters were pronounced the best they had ever occupied.

On Monday, 20th, the demobilization began, and it was believed that in the course of four or five days the boys would be in their homes once more to greet their loved ones. The famous organization will then pass out of existence, except in history.

In this connection, sorrow and sympathy are expressed for the parents and loved ones to whom the soldier boys that left will not return, of whom it was required that the supreme sacrifice should be made for the cause of freedom.

Now that the boys have come back we must not only make it plain to them that we honor them for their courage in offering their lives for the salvation of civilization and the cause of freedom, but that we are willing also to provide occupation for them. The following letter of the First Presidency to presiding

authorities of the Church is therefore pertinent, and of first importance:

In the Interest of Returning Soldiers

Office of the First Presidency, Salt Lake City, Utah.
*To the Presidents of Stake and Counselors,
High Councilors and Bishops of Wards and Counselors:*

Dear Brethren:—Our boys who are now returning from army life should be given special attention. They have performed a most magnificent work, and have freely offered their lives on their country's altar for us and for humanity everywhere.

As they come home many of them find themselves without occupation or the means of making a comfortable livelihood. We, therefore, urge upon the presidencies of stakes, high counselors and bishops and counselors to give these returned soldier boys their special attention. They should be visited at once and the condition of their affairs looked into with a view of trying to help them to secure work where they are out of work, or to get them started on their small holdings in the country settlements.

We must look after these boys. Naturally, they will return to the localities they formerly resided in, and they should be encouraged wherever it is possible, to try to secure a small piece of land and establish a home. They should not be allowed to drift to the larger cities. The cities are already crowded.

We can do a great deal to help them, if we only make a business of doing it. Visit them, preach the gospel to them, and in every way encourage them in all that makes for good citizenship and an independent life.

Then there are the families of those who will never come back. Those boys who have made the supreme sacrifice and given their lives on the battle field or otherwise in the service of their country. These families before all others should be given our kindest attention. They must not be allowed to suffer for the necessities of life.

Heber J. Grant,

Anthon H. Lund,

Charles W. Penrose,

First Presidency.

Utah in the 91st Division

Because the 145th Field Artillery was the largest single unit from Utah and surroundings that went overseas as a unit and so came back, it has occupied much attention—all of

which is doubly merited. But we must not forget that other thousands of our boys went out in other companies, some of whom were called upon to face dangers that were denied the 145th. Many noble heroes laid down their lives in the 91st division, on the battlefields of France and Flanders. Among these were the boys who went to Camp Lewis for training in the contingents leaving Utah, Idaho, and other western states, in September and following months, in 1917, who became members particularly of the 362nd infantry and other organizations, of the 91st division, which arrived in Europe in July, 1918, and went to the front in France and Belgium, at various points in September following.

Chaplain Calvin S. Smith, who was with the boys, was wounded twice, and distinguished himself in the field by his heroic deeds. Major General William H. Johnston, in command, in a letter to Governor Bamberger, speaking of the valor and work of the 91st division as an organization, says in appreciation of Utah's work:

"It gives me pleasure to assure you, and through you the people of the state of Utah, that representatives of that state have contributed towards the creditable record established by the 91st division since it was called to participate in the recent advance of the armies of the United States and the Allies. Your citizen soldiers, after one year's training, did not hesitate to attack veteran divisions of the Prussian guard in the Meuse-Argonne offensive before the general retreat of the enemy began. They continued to attack until withdrawn by the corps commander to rest and replace casualties.

"The same spirit animated them when they advanced through Belgium to expel the invader. I feel sure the same courage and efficiency will characterize their service in the future, should any orders require action.

"Finally. I believe that all, when discharged to resume the pursuits of peace, will be more valuable citizens of the state of Utah because of their service in the army and their contribution towards the restoration of peace throughout the world."

General H. Penet, commanding the Thirtieth army corps (French), in a letter to Major General Johnston, says he does not "want to part with the 91st infantry division without expressing to its chief, its officers, its splendid units, all his appreciation of the fine military qualities they have shown during the length of their attachment to the corps."

General Massenet, commanding the Seventh army corps (French), is effusive in his compliments to the 91st division, in a special order. He says in part :

"Transported from the Argonne to Flanders, the 91st American division has again been thrown into the battle, a few hours after its arrival.

"Under the energetic influence of its commander, Major General Johnston, the 91st American division reached all its objectives on the 31st of October and 1st of November, with remarkable dash and energy.

"In spite of the determined resistance of the enemy, in spite of the

artillery and machine gun fire which opposed them, the troops of the 91st American division captured Spitaals Bosschen by a clever flanking movement, reached the Scheldt and penetrated in to the town of Audenarde, from now onwards delivered from the yoke of the invader."

Major General George H. Cameron, commanding the Fifth army corps (United States) gives splendid credit to the 91st, in his relief order transmitted to Major General Johnston, Oct. 3, as follows in part:

"Under orders from First army, the 91st division will be relieved from the front line tonight and placed in corps reserve.

"The corps commander wishes you to understand that this relief results solely from a realization by higher command that your division has done its full share in the recent success, and is entitled to a rest for reorganization. This especially as during the past three days it has incurred heavy casualties when circumstances would not permit either advance or withdrawal.

"At a time when the divisions on its flanks were faltering and even falling back, the 91st pushed ahead and steadfastly clung to every yard gained.

"In its initial performance your division has established itself firmly on the list of the commander-in-chief's reliable fighting units. Please extend to your officers and men my appreciation of their splendid behavior and my hearty congratulations on the brilliant record they have made."

The "Died in Service" pages printed for the past months in the *Era*, tells in part of the sacrifice of lives of Utah and Idaho boys, and boys of surrounding states, who did their patriotic duty in the 91st, who acted the loyal, manly part on the field of battle, in the greatest war the world has ever witnessed. And there are many men from Utah, Idaho and other western states in other organizations of the army and navy, who deserve similar encomiums.

Joy in the Work of the Church

This in a letter to Acting Superintendent Moroni S. Leaver, of the Salt Lake stake, from Superintendent Wilford A. Beesley, now in the service of his Country. It is worth while: "There is absolutely nothing to compare with the joy of work in the Church of God—the only thing I have found in which the recompense always surpasses the effort made."

A Father's Day Victory Letter to President Heber J. Grant

"Over There," Nov. 24, 1918,

My dear President Grant:—It was with sorrow that I read the notice of President Smith's death in the Paris edition of the *New York Herald* last evening. He has surely passed to a great reward. No one could

know him without feeling his greatness and he was an example of truth and steadfastness that was an inspiration to all who knew him.

This is the day, as you know, when the members of the A. E. F. are asked to write a "victory letter" to their dads at home. It was my intention to write one to President Smith as an appreciation of a blessing he gave me before my departure overseas. As he has gone and my own father has been gone several years, I write it to you as a son.

The troops that I accompanied arrived in Liverpool on August 12th. We had many buffetings and inconveniences of travel. After sitting up for two nights we found ourselves at Langres after our departure from Le Hare, the port we arrived at in France. Langres is the centre of the school area for the A. E. F., and 32 schools for the various branches of the service were there when the armistice was signed.

The signing of the armistice was the signal for general rejoicing in France. The joy she displayed in this part was pathetic. Cities here had been in total darkness for four and one-half years and the inhabitants had lived in terror of air raids all during that time. One cannot wonder that they celebrated for days. To America her thanks is genuine and her soldiers are honored. The army has treated the population here also in an idealistic way. There is no relaxation in the discipline of the army, and I am enclosing General Pershing's "Victory Order" which still points the way for it to go. I am sure they will do as he tells them. A few days after hostilities ceased I had the good fortune to pass through Verdun and go well into territory that had been occupied by the Germans since the beginning of the war and saw one of America's finest divisions going in to occupy this released soil. One could hardly believe that such soldiers lived and he could see by their looks that they were still actuated by the same idealism that placed their comrades above physical suffering. It may be that they looked so glorious, in contrast to the endless procession of released prisoners of war that were trudging their way across that devastated region to France and freedom. A newspaper writer said that the endless procession reminded him of the lost souls passing into Dante's Inferno. It did not appeal to me that their souls were lost, for there appeared a hope in their faces that was strong enough to take them, weak and lame, to freedom. As we repassed them for 30 miles on our return trip as we came farther into France from the heights of Verdun, you could just see France with America's help, take them and give them life. There will probably be no such procession as that again in the history of the world. Fortunately there were few Americans there and what few there were had been held but a few months where the rest had been years. It was a sight never to be forgotten. One cannot help but feel a thrill as he looks at Verdun, the city that withstood, perhaps the greatest assault of all time. She still stands proudly erect, majestic in the price she paid, for that price made her one colossal ruin.

We have no intimation of what our next move will be. We stand ready to do whatever task is asked. Of course, at Thanksgiving time and Christmas our thoughts turn to home and the wish unconsciously comes that we might get back soon. We also know that it will take some time to readjust this war machine and return its forces where they came from. When its history is written it will be known as perhaps the greatest achievement in the history of our nation.

With best wishes for you in health and strength, and the season's compliments to your family and associates, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) John F. Sharp,
Major M. C. U. S. Army.

PERSHING'S VICTORY ORDER

The following is General Pershing's Victor Order to the American Army—thanking it for its heroic efforts in war. The Commander-in-Chief of the American armies in Europe, issued the following order to the troops:

France, Nov. 12, 1918.

The enemy has capitulated. It is fitting that I address myself in thanks directly to the officers and soldiers of the American Expeditionary Forces who, by their heroic efforts have made possible this glorious result. Our armies, hurriedly raised and hastily trained, met a veteran enemy, and by courage, discipline and skill always defeated him. Without complaint you have endured incessant trials, privations and dangers. You have seen many of your comrades make the supreme sacrifice that Freedom may live. I thank you for the patience and courage with which you have endured. I congratulate you upon the splendid fruits of victory which your heroism and the blood of our gallant dead are now presenting to our nation. Your deeds will live forever in America's history.

Those things you have done. There remains now a harder task which will test your soldierly qualities to the utmost. Succeed in this, and little note will be taken and few praises will be sung; fail, and the light of your glorious achievements of the past will sadly be dimmed. But you will not fail. Every tendency may urge toward relaxation in discipline, in conduct, in appearance, in everything that marks the soldier. Yet you will remember that each officer and soldier is the representative in Europe of his people, and that his brilliant deeds of yesterday permit no action of today to pass unnoticed by friends or by foe. You will meet this test as gallantly as you have met the tests of the battlefield. Sustained by your high ideals and inspired by the heroic part you have played you will carry back to our people the proud consciousness of a new Americanism born of sacrifice. Whether you stand on hostile territory or on the free soil of France, you will so bear yourself in discipline, appearance, and respect for all civil rights that you will confirm for all time the pride and love which every American feels for your uniform and for you.

John J. Pershing, General, Commander-in-Chief.

Messages from the Missions

From "Old Deseret"

Leicester Square, London, Dec. 19, 1918.

Special Correspondence by Percy Percyval:

"Old Deseret" is now the haven of rest for the poor, tired soldier, sailor, and nurses from Intermountainland. Only a few squares from the "Denver Unit" or "Base Hospital No. 29," where hundreds of wounded Americans are quartered, these "Blue Boys" (as the English call them), with their loose-flowing blue flannels, their red sailor-knotted neckties, love to stroll into Sabbath School, which is held at 11 a. m.; also to eventide service at 6:30 p. m. Here also, they find their favorite homeland publications on the free-file, in the old library attached to the Assembly Hall. How they enjoy perusing the *Improvement Era*, as well as the *Deseret News*. "Worth a pound of *nux vomica* as a tonic to us poor, shrapnel, bullet-pierced soldiers from Intermountainland," exclaimed a Utahn leaning upon crutches. Nurses, too, like Misses Jacobson, Shallabargar, and others (formerly supervisors in Saint Marks' Hospital, Salt Lake City), also have attended services at "Des-



"WAR GUARD" AT "OLD DESERET" DEC., 1918;

President McKay and Elders of London Conference: (Left to right, sitting front row; Charles A. Welchman, Union, Wyoming; President James Gunn McKay, Ogden, Utah; Clerk James H. Ludlow, Salt Lake City, Utah; Back row, standing; Oliver G. Ellis, and Harold L. Browning, both of Ogden, Utah; Hugh S. Latimer, Salt Lake City, Utah.

eret" and "looked over the familiar home personals in Zion," in the reading room.

Among prominent visitors lately at "Deseret" have been Captain Hyde S. Taylor, grandson of President John Taylor, who has won distinction in almost all branches of military service; now he is in aviation division, and is popular with his superior officers and noted for his wondrous organizing ability. Sergeant Craven, minus his right leg, lately shot off on the battlefield, was another visitor. Corporal Bergstrom, of Salt Lake City, and Corporal Charles Tufts, both of whom attracted attention by holding occasional L. D. S. meetings "under the cedars" in battleland, are now enjoying, together, their little "fourteen days of leave" at Deseret.

The number of elders is the smallest now, in the history of "Deseret." President James Gunn McKay, of Ogden, Elders James H. Ludlow, clerk, with Hugh S. Latimer (both) from Salt Lake City, are "holding the fort" and are known as the "war guard," owing to war restrictions. Elder Harold L. Browning, of Ogden, has just started for homeland, honorably released; Elder Charles A. Welchman, of Union, Wyoming, has been transferred to Nottingham Conference; Elder Oliver G. Ellis, of Ogden, has been transferred to Leeds Conference a day or two ago; he received a fine steamer-rug, as a gift, from the elders; President McKay was requested to the presentation speech. Elder Ellis has made hosts of friends, who regret to learn of his departure from London. Over 20,000,000 souls comprise the total population of London Conference—the most populous conference in existence—extending from Oxfordshire to Dover Channel, and from the East to Portsmouth and Wales. It has, indeed, been a stirring year. Time and again the old walls of historic "Deseret" were used as a "Raid-Refuge-Shelter," by the panic-stricken populace; then President McKay marshaled the elders and held "Prayer and Experience Meetings" in the assembly-room which was filled with refugees. During the past few months several new branches have been started, one at Tunbridge Wells, the famous "Spa," in

Kent, the "Garden County of Olde Englande." All the elders join with the writer in sending homeland, best wishes for the coming year.

Saints and Laborers in the Manchester Conference

Lester F. Hewlett, writing from Oldham, England, November 22, 1918, calls attention to the semi-annual Manchester conference at which workers from all parts of that conference were present. The group herewith represents part of the members of the conference. There are only two traveling elders here, whereas the pre-war number was 25 to 30. In spite of this shortage, the brothers and sisters have arisen to the occasion, the



MANCHESTER CONFERENCE

results are, enthusiasm and progress. Our sisters are faithfully distributing the "good word" and there are some good preachers among them. They are often sent on circuit to other branches. President George F. Richards appears in the second row, fifth from the left side, Conference President, Lester F. Hewlett is on his right and Elder Evan O. Perkins, clerk, on his left. The other people represent the priesthood and lady missionaries of the conference.

Died in the Field

Elder Marcus Conrad Anderson, son of Joseph W. and Carrie Thoresen Anderson, Hyrum, Utah, died at San Antonio, January 11, 1919, of typhoid fever. He was set apart, September 4, 1918, by President Heber J. Grant, as a missionary to the Central States mission; later he was assigned to the eastern Texas field. He was born in Hyrum, February 4, 1898, received his education in the public schools, and in the South Cache High School, in that city. Elder Melvin G. Wood left San Antonio on January 13, to bring the body home for burial. Elder Anderson is survived by his parents, seven brothers and two sisters, also by his grand-parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Thoresen, and many relatives in southern Cache county.

Elder Roy G. Archibald, son of Thomas H. and Rachel Gregson Archibald, Cardston, Alta, Canada, died of influenza-pneumonia at Victoria, British Columbia, January 10, 1919, while laboring in the Northwestern

States mission. He had been laboring in Victoria for about fourteen months. His home is in Glenwoodville, Alta, Canada, to which place the body would probably be shipped for burial. Word was received of his death at the office of the First Presidency, January 13, 1919. Elder Archibald was born in Cardston, Alberta, Canada, February 11, 1898.

Find Difficulties in Tracting

Elder Clarence Taylor, writing from Nelson, New Zealand, Wairau District, South Island, sends the enclosed picture of the elders and three sisters laboring in that district. The elders, back row: Clarence Taylor, M. P. Geddes, O. L. Miner; front, Sisters C. Simmons, Mrs. F. Kenning, Sister Annie Flowerday. Two of the elders, Geddes and Miner, are working with the Maoris, while Elder Taylor has charge of the European work. The elders laboring with the Maoris have found much pleasure in explaining the gospel to the native people in the Native tongue. The Maoris are a very righteous and God-fearing people, noted for their hospitality. They are few in number in that district, though scattered over a great area of the South Island, making it difficult for the elders to get in touch with them. The European work is prospering. There is much difference in the



attitude of mind towards religion, between the European and the Maoris, the former being not quite so hospitable and God-fearing. The majority of the Europeans are Catholics or Protestants, and the elders frequently receive scant encouragement in their efforts to place the gospel before the public, when tracting. The elders have no meetinghouses to hold services in, hence they use the home of Grandma Flowerday, who is a good Latter-day Saint. "We also meet in other homes of good Christians when granted the opportunity. In tracting we find difficulty because of the opposition of certain ministers who warn the public against us, but this very warning has its effect in arousing the curious to know what kind of doctrine we preach, so that where the ministers aim to injure us, they frequently help us in our work, also, though they have considerable influence over a certain class of people."

Local Brethren Shouldering Responsibility

Herbert E. Williams, President of the Utrecht Branch, Netherlands, writes under date of September 30: "This picture shows a number of the Saints of our branch of the Netherlands mission. It was taken July 25, 1918.



The Lord's work is prospering here, and it gives us much joy to live for the spirit of the gospel truth. As we are few in number, the local brethren are manfully shouldering the responsibility and are doing their part in preaching the gospel of salvation to the people. This branch has grown in the past year, in spite of the shortage of missionaries. We have performed as many baptisms as the year previous. One may ask how this is possible. The secret is: the Lord's work will go on. We extend our greeting to the Saints in Zion and to our fellow workers throughout the Lord's vineyard."

Great Success in the Sale of Books of Mormon

President James N. Lambert of the New Zealand mission writes from Auckland, September 25: "For the past few months we have attempted to make a special drive to sell Books of Mormon, in this mission, among the English speaking people. Elders Wilmer J. Maw, of Plain City, Utah, and Rulon S. Wood, of Huntsville, Utah, have been the most successful elders in this regard. During July, Elder Maw sold 44, and Elder Wood 33, a total of 77. In August, Elder Maw is credited with having sold 75, and Elder Wood 55, a total of 130. They have by no means spent their time exclusively in selling Books of Mormon, but have been 'top-notchers' in almost every



requirement made of them as missionaries. I enclose herewith a photo of these two elders. I pray for the success of the *Era*, which is certainly a great help to the missionaries."

Local Elders Doing the Work

Elder Edgar Everton, writing from Indianapolis, Indiana, October 5, says: "It has been prophesied by some prominent man that the time would come when the local Priesthood of Indiana would be able to carry on the work of spreading the gospel without the aid of missionaries from Zion. It looks now like the missionaries might soon all be called in; cities that have had missionaries all the time, now only see elders once or twice a year, but the local priesthood, as a general thing, are well prepared to work with us. During the past year, when the elders, in order to keep in touch with the work, have been constantly in the country, the local priesthood of these branches have carried on the work with creditable success.



They not only carry the responsibility of the branch, but are using the cottage meetings and other means to teach the gospel of Christ, and have many baptisms to their credit during the past season. The Linton branch, though small in numbers, is strong in leadership, and at the present time is second to no other in the mission. Elders, left to right, standing: Local elders, Edward Hays, James Clayton, Vernon Robinson, Robert Nicholas; sitting, Elder A. L. Williams, of Ephraim, Utah, and Edgar Everton, of Logan, Utah."

"Nopera," the Elders' Home

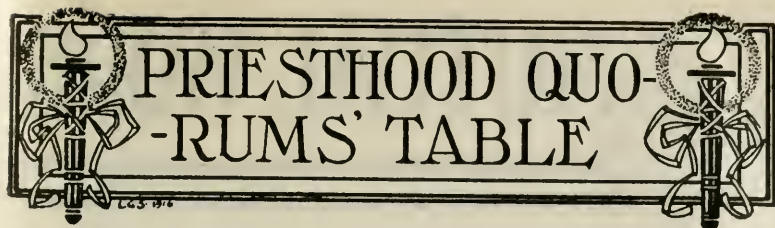
Elder Llewellyn P. Thomas, Hawkes Bay, Wairarapa, New Zealand, writes, October 3: "The Hawkes Bay and Wairarapa conferences were combined some three years ago. The Saints of this conference are some of the most faithful and strongest of the mission, and are doing much to bring their fellow natives to a more perfect knowledge of the gospel principles, preaching both by example as well as by precept. The local brethren holding the priesthood are exceptionally enthusiastic in fulfilling their home missions each month. The elders from Zion have just completed an elders' home and have named it *Nopera*, in honor of Brother and Sister Katyso and Eriata Nopera, whose photographs are pictured in the accom-



panying photograph with the elders. The elders are R. C. Parry, Ogden, E. D. Harris, Beaver; L. O. Thomas, conference president, Salt Lake City; Stanley Hatch, Woods Cross, Utah, the latter two being in the front row. Through the assistance of the natives, both in material and money, the elders were able to complete the home. The Saints of the conference contributed generously in aid of its erection, and the Relief Society organization of the various branches helped to furnish it. The home is situated in the Korongata branch, near the Maori Agricultural College, and will serve as elders' head-



quarters. We have been greatly blessed of the Lord and prospered in our labors, and hope to prove worthy of the love and esteem of our Maori Saints and friends. A Mutual Improvement Association has been organized in our conference in the past year, which is proving to be beneficial indeed to the younger people. We hope to have two more similar associations organized in the near future, as the enthusiasm in the one has become quite contagious. We also feel highly honored in having one of the two Maori Primary Associations of the mission in our conference. The photograph of the elders' home is also herewith given. We assure you that the *Era* is highly appreciated by all who are privileged to read it here."



PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS' TABLE

Priesthood Quorum Classes, 1919

The Committee on Courses of Study for the Priesthood, No. 20 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah, sent out the following instructions to bishops throughout the Church, relating to the study for the priesthood quorums for the year 1919:

For the Melchizedek Priesthood: Selections from the doctrinal writings and sayings of President Joseph F. Smith. This book will not be ready for some months, and it is suggested that the quorums go on and complete the present course until the new one is ready; the past few months, on account of health conditions, having prevented the quorums from meeting. A guide for this new text book, which will occupy two years, will be provided. Both the text book and the guide are in process of preparation and due notice will be given of their publication. In the meantime, classes are asked to continue their study of "Problems of the Age," printed in the *Era*, 1918, and also on sale, 15 cents each.

For the Priests: *The Ancient Apostles*, by Elder David O. McKay. This book is already in print and can be obtained upon order from the *Era* office, the price being \$1.25 and the book will not be sent out without order. All charge orders must be signed by the bishops.

For the Teachers' Quorums: the text will be *The Ancient Apostles*, by Elder David O. McKay, the same as for the priests, both in text, price and condition. All charge orders must be signed by the bishops.

For the Deacons: *Gospel Teachings, Illustrated by Biographical Incidents*, a book of ninety-six pages, price 15c. This book will be mailed to the bishops of the wards under direction of the Priesthood Committee, based on 20 percent of the Deacons in each ward. This is done for convenience, and not with a view to push the book upon the bishops without order. If any bishop does not desire the books, let them be returned, but we trust that every effort will be made to place it in the hands of the members of the Deacons quorums so that when health conditions will permit, the work will go on immediately. Invoices for this book will be sent to the bishops direct.

As soon as text books for the Melchizedek Priesthood are completed, due notice will be given by circular and through the *Improvement Era*.

Sincerely your brother,

Rudger Clawson, Chairman.



MUTUAL WORK

For Re-opening the Y. M. M. I. A.

The following suggestive program for a meeting of stake workers to consider the date of re-opening and to discuss M. I. A. problems was sent to stake superintendents of the Y. M. M. I. A. in early January with instructions to forward to ward presidents. Officers were asked to confer with the priesthood authorities, and if it met with their approval to set a definite date for the meeting. These suggestions still continue in force. It is likely that an attractive summer program will soon be sent out to stake superintendents.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM

A "Getting-Back-to-Work" Meeting, Stake and Ward Officers of Y. M. M. I. A

Some Y. M. M. I. A. Problems:

1. Our new opening night in the different wards. (After Sacrament Meetings begin.)
2. Stake officers first visits to wards—When—Where—The Message.
3. Special activities. See January *Era* and *Journal*.
4. Our class work, starting with Lesson No. 1.
5. The Teacher's Training Classes. See new book. (Application to Y. M. M. I. A. work.)
6. The Advanced Senior Class. Its opportunities.
7. Community singing.
8. How the war has affected the Y. M. M. I. A. for good.
9. Read Prof. O. J. P. Widtsoe's article in the January *Era*.
10. Y. M. M. I. A. Stake and Ward Efficiency. Discuss report blanks.
11. New Y. M. M. I. A. Chorus Book, price 45 c, twenty-three songs. (See *Era* February, 1919.)
12. Let us catch the spirit of the times, and work, serve, play and pray with spirit and energy for the salvation of the youth of our Church. Inaugurate a special campaign to get every young man into the Y. M. M. I. A.

Y. M. M. I. A. Choruses

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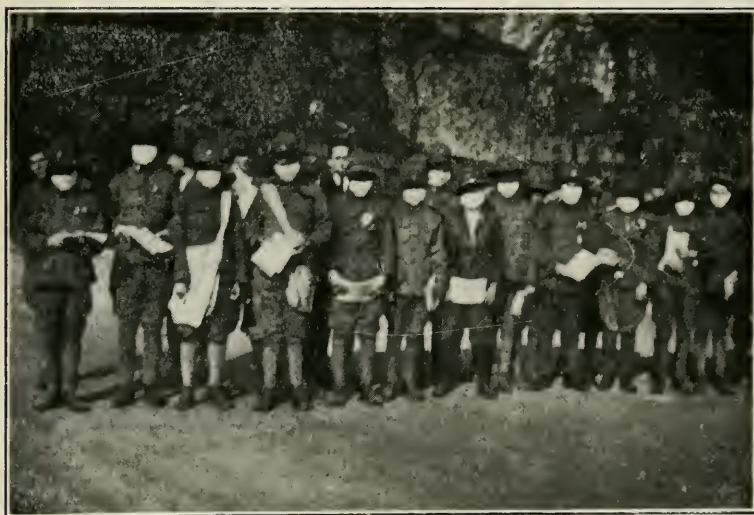
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"Mother"
"At Home They are Praying for Me"
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"Utah, We Love Thee" (for Junior Boys)
"Utah, We Love Thee" (for Senior Boys)
"Dear, Dear Old Folks"
"Whistle a Merry Tune"
"Dedication Anthem"
"Marching Song of the Utah National Guard"
"A Pioneer Campfire Song"
"The Farmer Boy"
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"Home Defense Song"
"Hark! Listen to the Gentle Strain"
"There's a Letter a-Coming for You"
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PASSING EVENTS



Spanish influenza continued to take heavy toll in deaths from the people during January. Many of the schools, churches, and other public gathering places, were closed again during the month, after being opened for about seven or ten days in the early part of the month. The first Sunday of January, being fast day in the Church was thoroughly enjoyed by the people, at their Sunday schools in the morning, ward fast meetings at 2 p. m., and M. I. A. joint meetings, in the evening. It was the first day of public worship since October 6, 1918.

Utah County, according to official statement in the *Provo Post*, shipped 423 cars of peaches, which netted the growers \$375,000, and 250 carloads of apples, which brought \$315,000, according to statistics just completed. Four canneries in the county packed 6,500 tons of tomatoes, netting the growers \$97,500. Besides these products, large crops of corn, cucumbers, cabbage, peas, and string beans, were produced. The total apple production in the United States for 1918 is estimated to have increased 13 per cent. In Utah the total product was 489,000 boxes as compared with 552,000 in 1917; in Idaho, the falling off was even greater.

Utah takes second place in sugar production for 1918, according to the estimate of the Bureau of Crops of the United States Department of Agriculture. For the first time in its history, Utah takes second place in the production of beet sugar. Its estimated production in 1918 is 118,000 short tons, as compared with Michigan's 117,600, California's 109,300. Colorado maintains the lead with a production for the season of 1918, of 182,700 tons. Michigan and California each surpassed Utah in the acreage planted, but the yield per acre was not so large in those states. The production of beet sugar in the whole country is estimated at 740,100 short tons.

Farm production in the United States for the calendar year, 1918, including grains, live stock, and dairy products, is estimated by the Department of Agriculture at \$24,700,000,000, compared with \$21,325,000,000 last year. This is practically a farm production sufficient to pay our war bills. This country owes an immense debt to its soldiers, which it can never return; but also, a debt is due to the farmers, who have stood behind the plow and the harrow and forced from the earth a record-breaking crop after losing from 25 to 50 percent of their labor supply, and in the face of seed shortage, implement shortage, and epidemics of disease, Utah, Idaho and other western states in the Rocky Mountains have done their full share in this wonderful work.

The Thirteenth Session of the Utah State Legislature met in the state capitol, Salt Lake City, Monday, Jan. 13, 1919. The Senate organized by choosing Hon. James W. Funk, of Richmond, president, with Adam L. Peterson, Huntsville, secretary, and the House, by choosing Hon. Charles C. Richards, Salt Lake City, speaker, and Lieut. Hugo B. Anderson, chief clerk. In three days from the opening the legislature had ratified the national

nation-wide prohibition amendment; accepted an invitation to attend the military review of the 145th F. A. at Logan, on Jan. 18; adopted a joint resolution favoring a league of nations and indorsing President Woodrow Wilson in personally attending the world peace conference. Besides, standing committees were named, a number of bills were introduced, and both branches of the legislature began active work.

Bishop Edwin Spencer Sheets of the Thirty-third ward, Salt Lake City, died from acute pneumonia, following a brief attack of influenza, on Jan. 9, 1919. He was born at the old Church farm in the present Forest Dale, Jan. 23, 1875. He was the son of the late Bishop Elijah F. and Emma Spencer Sheets. His early life was spent in this city, where he attended the public schools, later the state university, and he graduated from the University of Chicago law school, in 1908. On July 2, 1896, he left for a mission to the central states, where for 21 months he labored in southern Illinois and for nine months in Minnesota, returning home on Dec. 21, 1898. On Dec. 27, 1899, he was married in the Salt Lake temple to Miss Alice Taylor, who with two children survive him. A short character sketch will appear of him in the March number of the *Era* by Elder W. A. Morton.

Successful Feeding of Livestock.—Livestock can be fed successfully even in war times. The high cost of feeding stuffs makes the use of well-balanced rations vital. Any mistakes are almost sure to eat up the profits, and profits the farmer must have or else stop feeding. But this is not all: ordinary feeds can often be replaced by some equally ordinary but hitherto unused and much cheaper product. Moreover all animals cannot with profit be fed the same rations. These and other equally important and timely problems are dealt with in Dr. W. E. Carroll's *Feeding Farm Animals*, just issued. Dr. Carroll is an authority on animal nutrition. The United States Army has recognized this and taken him from the station, temporarily to supervise the feeding of cavalry horses in one of our National Army Cantonments. About two weeks before he left to report for service he turned in this circular for publication. It is fresh, well-written, and to the point. It is now ready for distribution. Persons interested may secure copies by writing to the Utah Experiment Station, Logan, Utah. Merely asking for circular No. 32 will bring a copy by return mail.

Senator Thomas Kearns, mining magnate, capitalist, and railroad builder, died at Salt Lake City, October 18, 1918, from a stroke of apoplexy. His death occurred six months and two days after that of David Keith, his business associate for nearly 30 years. He was born in Oxford county, upper Canada, April 11, 1862, and was the son of Thomas and Margaret Maher Kearns, who came to Canada from Ireland. When Thomas was eight years old, his parents moved to north Nebraska, where he assisted his father in farming and stock-raising. He later branched out for himself, went to the Black Hills during the first mining excitement, and returned again to Nebraska. He later went to Arizona. In the early part of 1883, he came to Utah, and his final successful efforts in Park City, delving for hidden treasures, is history well known. He became very wealthy from mining, and arose from extreme poverty to a high place of finance. He had but little chance for education, but advanced from a daily laborer to an honorable membership in the United States Senate, to which he was chosen by the Utah Legislature, in 1901.

The Federal constitutional prohibition amendment submitted by Congress to the states in December, 1917, has received the necessary vote of

three-fourths of the legislatures of the states to make it effective. Utah was the 35th state to adopt the amendment, which was done on January 15, 1919, followed by Nebraska the next day, making the 36th state and which completes the legislative process of the United States in voting itself dry—and which is the greatest and most far-reaching moral legislation in the history of the world. Mississippi was the first to ratify the amendment, taking action, Jan. 8, 1918. Then followed Kentucky, Virginia, South Carolina, North Dakota, Maryland, Montana, Arizona, Delaware, Texas, South Dakota, Massachusetts, Georgia, Louisiana, Florida, Michigan, Ohio, Oklahoma, Tennessee, Idaho, Maine, West Virginia, Washington, California, Indiana, Arkansas, Illinois, North Carolina, Kansas, Alabama, Iowa, Colorado, New Hampshire, Oregon, Utah and Nebraska. Total, 36. Since then several other states have fallen into line. Our M. I. A. slogan: We stand for state and nation-wide prohibition will shortly be fulfilled.

French Boys, Prisoners of Germans, Return to Homes.—Held prisoners by the German invaders, and compelled under threat of severe punishment to labor unceasingly for four years to the rear of the enemy lines, these



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French lads, released under the terms of the armistice, return to their homes in France. Their belongings, piled high on a wagon, which they commandeered, has been pulled for miles, but the load is light and the years of misery forgotten for they are returning home.

French Army of Occupation Entering Colmar in Alsace.—These pictures show the entry of General de Castelnau at the head of the French army of occupation entering Colmar, in Alsace, in the hands of the French for the first time since 1870.

General Castelnau, wearing the uniform he wore in 1870, made his solemn entry into the city on November 22, 1918, amid cries of "Long Live France," "Long Live Alsace," and "Long Live the Republic." Arches of triumph spanned the streets while the national flag flew from every window and housetop. The inhabitants who remained in the city turned out, dressed



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in their native Alsatian costumes. A deputation of city officials and Mayor Lohmann greeted the troops and in an address made by the latter, he declared that the reception given to the French troops, proved that the hearts of Alsace were left in France in spite of long separation.



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The upper picture shows Mayor Lehmann greeting General Castelnau, while the lower photo shows the French troops entering the city. General Castelnau is at the left on horseback reviewing his troops.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt died at Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay, Jan. 6, 1919. He was the twenty-sixth president of the United States, Harvard graduate, New York assemblyman, Western ranchman, governor of New York, assistant secretary of the navy, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Rough Riders in the Spanish war, vice-president and later president of the United States, explorer, hunter in the Rockies, politician and statesman, for thirty-five years prominent in the public affairs of city, state, and nation, and above all, the bearer of the torch of true Americanism wherever he was, in whatever he did, first, last and all the time. The whole country mourned for him. Both houses of Congress adjourned in his honor; President Wilson announced his death by official wire from Paris, paying tribute to his memory, directing that flags of the White House and departmental buildings be displayed at half-mast for thirty days, and that suitable naval and military honors be rendered on the day of the funeral. He was born in New York, October 27, 1858. His hunting trips and explorations in Africa and Brazil and his earnest and eager support of the Allied cause during the great war are familiar recent history.

Roosevelt

On heights Olympian he stood
Shooting his arrows at wrong;
Keen his perception and sight,
Fearless and brave in his might,
Standing for God and the right,
Facing a wondering throng.

An archer colossal was he,
Skillfully bending his bow;
His quiver of excellent mold;
His arrows finer than gold,
Winged with a confidence bold,
Tyranny quailed at his throw.

In armor of honesty clad,
He asked favors of none;
To greed he would not descend,
The spoiler he would not defend,
Mammon his knees could not bend—
Columbia's glorious son.

Go, follow his eagle-like flight—
Greater than Roman or Greek—
This archer sent by His grace,
A star to illumine the race,
A comet blazing through space
To mark you a loftier peak.

Cold is the hand of the Archer,
Listless his quiver and bow;
But his arrows, straight to the mark
Flash diamond-tipped through the dark,
Tinging with glory the Ark
Where the altars of liberty glow.

Ruth May Fox.

Books

Tin Cowrie Dass, by Henry Milner Rideout, Duffield and Company, New York, price \$1.25. This is a dramatic story of the lost heir to an obscure east Indian kingdom; a story of mystery and adventure. One hundred sixty-two pages, large print.

Old Glory and Verdun, by Elizabeth Frazer, published by Duffield and Company, New York, price \$1.50 net. This is a book of some three-hundred pages, expressing in a fearfully realistic way, the vivid experiences of Elizabeth Frazer, the author, in her work with the American Red Cross, right up to the battle lines on the western front in France. There are chapters on the French wounded, children of the war zones, a canteener in France, behind Chatteau-Thierry, the storm center of the German tornado, where men had to lean close and shout in order to hear each other. Any one who wishes thrilling, almost gruesome views of the great contest will find this volume to their liking in its word pictures of the realism and horror of war.

A Practical Sociology, by Mosiah Hall, State High School Inspector for Utah, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, Chicago, Boston. This is a book of one hundred ninety-five pages, treating principally in a new and fascinating style entirely on the sociology of the home, and the attractive subject of family life in making homes happy. Some of the most vital problems affecting the home are discussed, including the divorce evil, bondage of women, marriage, education, disease, religion, wages as effecting the home, and many other questions with suggestions for their solution. It introduces at each stage of progress, a vital situation, which the student will be anxious to follow, because of the interest awakened in the problem. In the foreward, the author says: "The purpose of the course is conversion as well as increased knowledge." The text is a controversy between two neighbors, Mr. Pessimism and Mr. Optimism, the one taking the negative and pessimistic view, and the other the affirmative and optimistic conception of the problems presented. It is left generally to the reader to decide which has the better of the argument, the decision being merely suggested in most cases by the discussion, and the solving of the problems being left mostly to the reader, or to the student, himself. In the quaint discussion, the author has interwoven some affirmations and criticisms concerning the home, which every father and mother will find pleasure and profit in perusing. The book has been adopted in the parents' classes in the Sunday schools of the Church, and contains questions and exercises for discussion with valuable references at the close of each chapter.

The Art of Teaching, by Howard R. Driggs, M. A., professor of education in English, University of Utah, paper cover, 121 pp., price 50c, published by the General Boards of the Auxiliary organizations of the Church, and distributed by the Sunday School Union book store. This is the first book in which all six auxiliary organizations are interested. It is designed as a text book for teachers' training classes which are being established in each ward of the Church. Quorum instructors and auxiliary class teachers of the Church will join in each ward into one class, choose a competent instructor in teaching, and so learn how to teach and how to make the lessons in each organization more effective, a most necessary step in advance of present conditions.

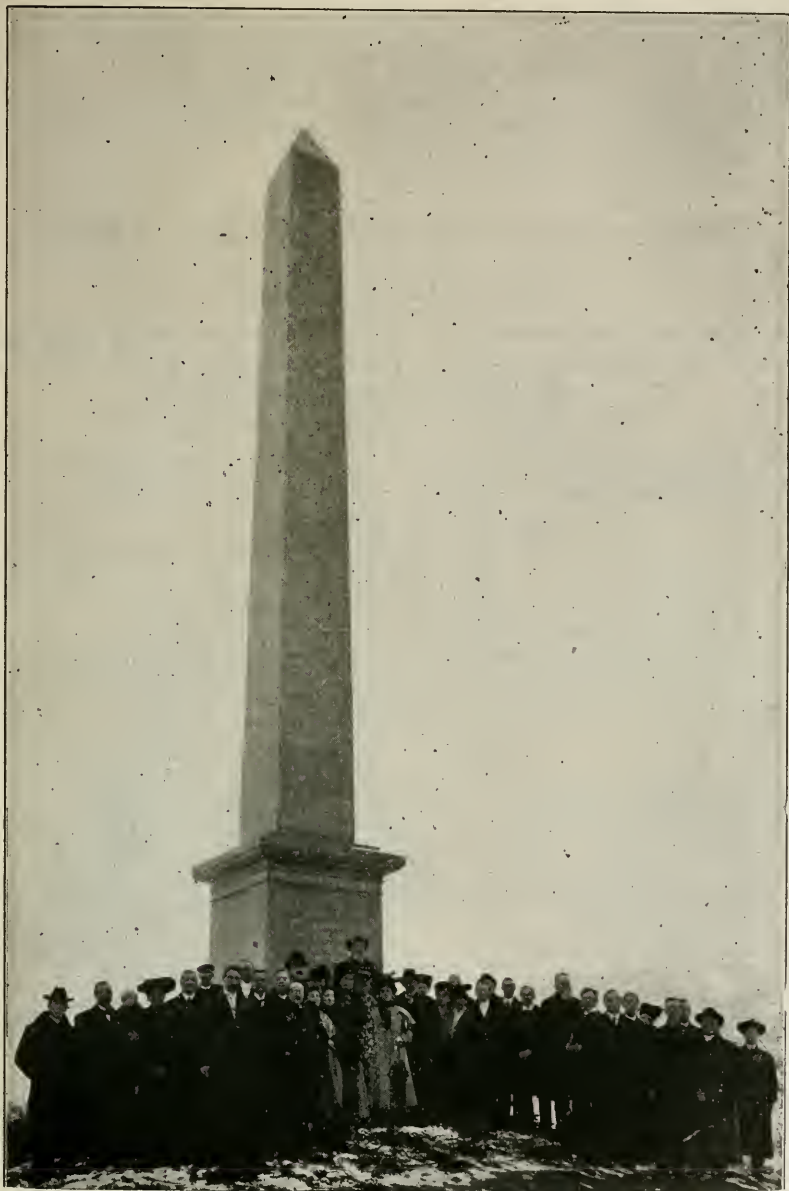
The book is divided into two parts—the first, containing twelve lessons on the art of teaching, based on the methods of the Master Teacher, Jesus Christ; the second, twelve lessons are specifically concerned with the teacher and his work, and directing him how to apply the Master's methods in the art of teaching. Having accomplished this, each teacher is to take the specific lesson under consideration in his particular organization, and illustrate how the principles learned may be applied in teaching it. There is a lesson outline closing each chapter, with questions for discussion. If universally adopted and faithfully carried out, the plan, with the aid of this book, *The Art of Teaching*, in the course of a few years, will revolutionize present indifferent teaching, and increase the efficiency of our class work a thousand fold.



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General Board, Salt Lake City. Dear Brethren: I feel it a pleasure to say a few words in praise of the *Improvement Era*. I have always looked forward to its coming with an anxious eye. Too much cannot be said in behalf of that great little publication, and I always pass each copy on to someone else, as soon as I have finished reading it. Several of the men I am in contact with are under very false impressions concerning so-called "Mormonism," and I know the *Era* is doing such persons very much good where it is read with a desire to learn the truth concerning our Church and the principles we uphold. —*Corp. D. R. Brown, H. Q. Co., 129 F. A., A. F. F.*

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Edward H. Anderson, { *Editors* Edward H. Anderson, *Business Mgr.*
Moroni Snow, *Assistant*

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Three Great Men.....	Frontispiece
Taps. A Poem.....	Annie D. Palmer..... 277
Home of the Three Orsons. Illustrated.....	Junius F. Wells..... 279
Traveling Over Forgotten Trails. II. Illustrated.....	Hon. Anthony W. Ivins..... 288
Reconstruction in Utah.....	N. Alvin Pedersen..... 293
Congressman Joseph Howells. With Portrait.....	Preston D. Richards..... 299
Re Brief.....	Joseph S. Peery..... 301
A Testimony	Le Roy C. Snow..... 302
Renewal. A Poem	Bertha A. Kleinmann..... 303
Irrigation and Education. I.....	Prof. O. W. Israelsen..... 304
Dolores. A Story	Alfred Lambourne
Home Poems—	
The Cliff-Dweller	T. McClure Peters..... 312
We'll Soon be Back	Alvin Coleman
The Chronic Doubter	A. B. Christenson
The Solitary Scribe	Frank C. Steele..... 313
Old Jacob Peterson is Dead	E. J.*
A Soldier's Vision	Fred Peterson
A Winter Night. A Story	Claude T. Barnes..... 318
The Essentials of Permanent Agriculture	Dr. E. G. Peterson..... 321
President Buchanan's Loyalty	Joseph A. West..... 323
Intelligence the Emancipator of Mankind.....	F. S. Harris, Ph. D..... 327
Union Ward Chapel 330
“Their Name Liveth Forevermore”.....	Prof. J. H. Paul..... 331
Died in Service 335
The Strange Case of Robert Kenyon	Charles F. Steele
The New Member of the Council of the Twelve.....	Eduard H. Anderson..... 343
Pal o' Mine. A Poem	Ezra J. Poulsen
Permanency of the Church Assured.....	Dr. James E. Talmage..... 346
Editors' Table—The Return of the 145th Field	
Artillery 348
Utah in the 91st Division 350
Joy in the Work of the Church 352
A Father's Day Victory Letter to President	
Heber J. Grant	Major John F. Sharp..... 352
Messages from the Missions 354
Priesthood Quorums' Table 361
Mutual Work 362
Passing Events 364

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